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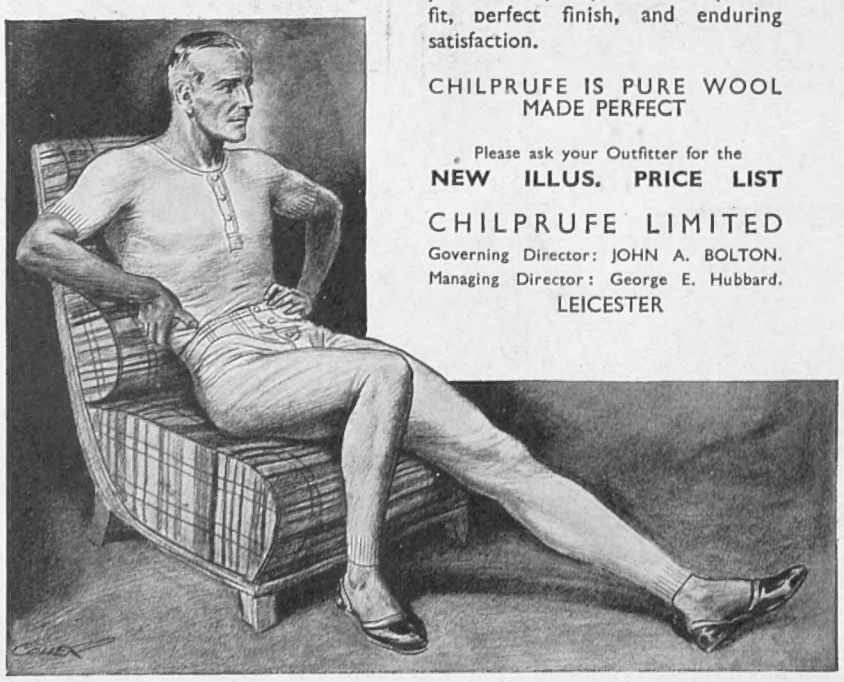

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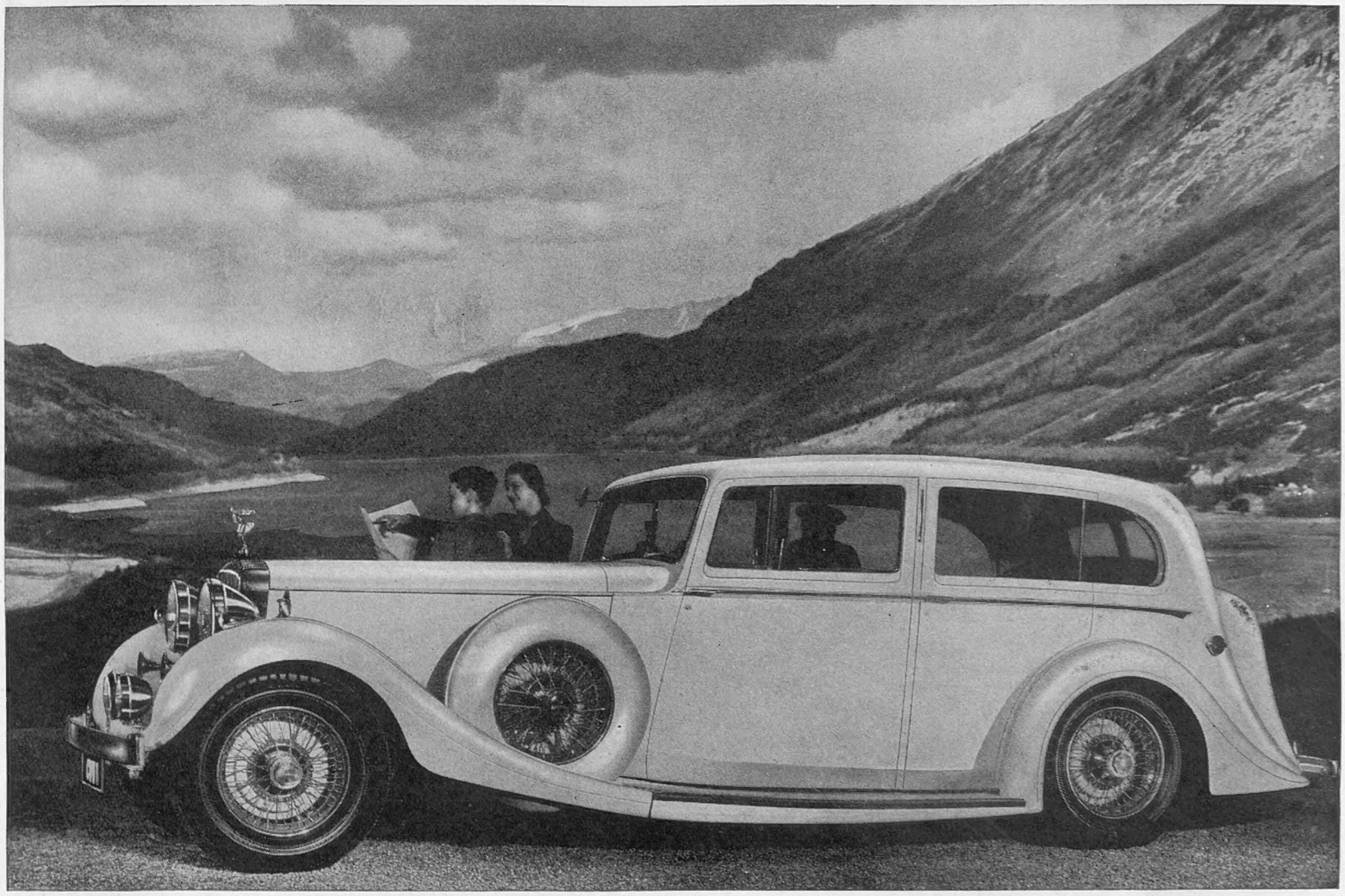

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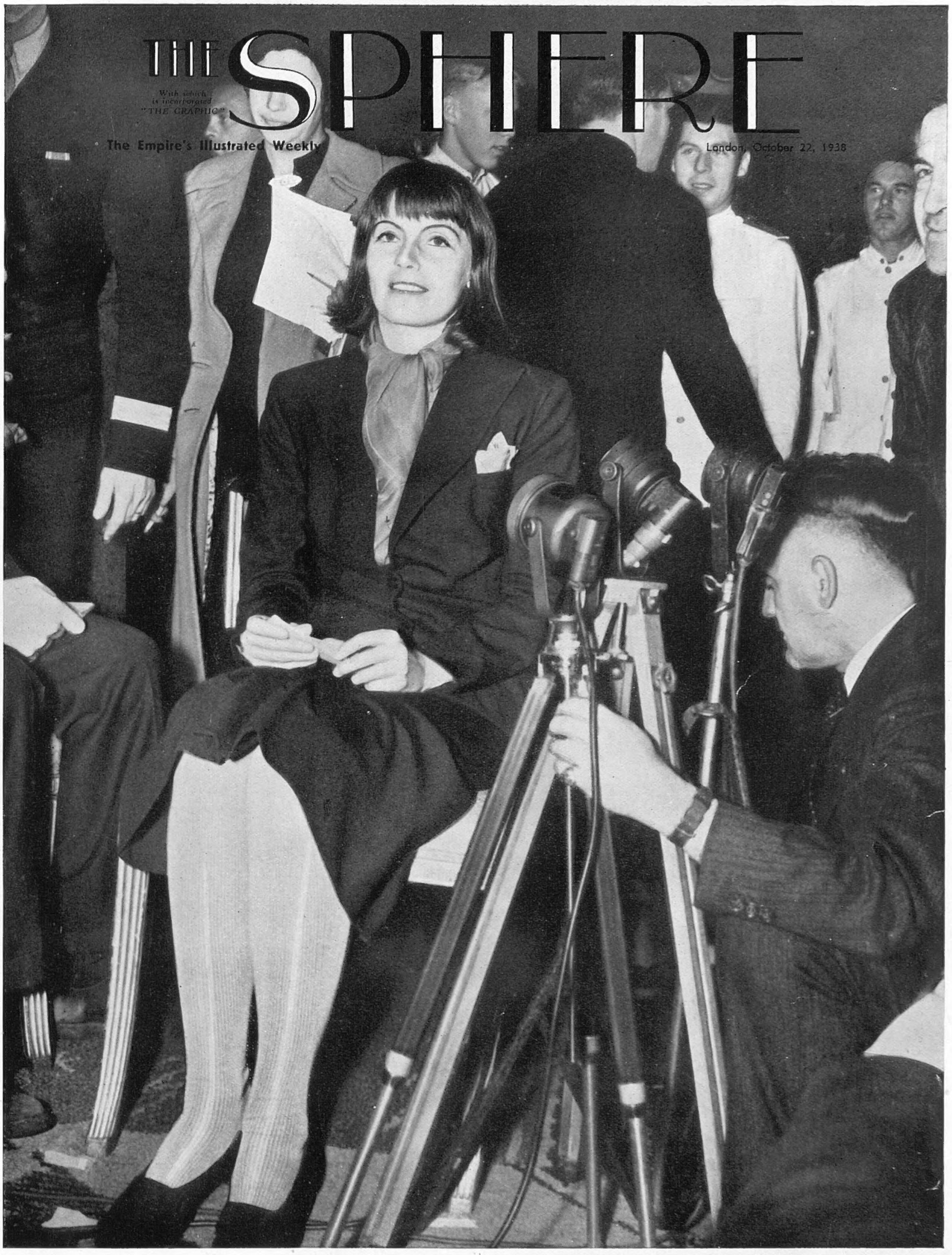

RETURN OF A "STAR"

How New York Greeted the Fashion-despising Garbo Following Her Ten-Month Holiday Tour in Europe

Thirty-two-year-old Greta Gustafsson—Garbo to all the world—whose partiality for personal isolation has brought her more publicity than any actress of her time and whose liking for jumble sale clothes with a vagabond touch, amid Hollywood's intensive grooming, contributes not a little to her unique position, arrived in New York the other day at the end of a ten-month holiday in Europe. As soon as the Swedish liner *Kungsholm* docked, hungry newshawks swooped down, plying Garbo with eager, sometimes impertinent, questions regarding her stay in Europe and her wanderings in company with equally secretive Leopold Stokowski, the Philadelphia orchestra leader. Needless to say, the Press obtained no satisfaction, the Garbo rightly claiming that her private life is her own; and, having escaped from the mêlee, she made at once for California, where she is staying at Director George Cukor's house preparatory to starting work on her next two pictures, the first of which will be a comedy, *Love Is Not So Simple*. Cukor believes that Garbo is a heaven-born comedienne, but what the army of her fans will say to this is a secret that only the box-office can reveal. She is also scheduled to play the lead in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's life of *Madame Curie*, discoverer of radium—a part she has long coveted

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

LAUNCH OF THE "PRETORIA CASTLE": With the gentlest of splashes the Union Castle Company's latest liner entered its element last week after being launched from Harland and Wolff's main Belfast yard by Mrs. C. T. te Water, wife of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa. The new vessel, which is named after South Africa's administrative capital, forms part of the company's elaborate and now nearly completed building and reconditioning programme

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4

Wednesday, October 19, 1938.

KEEPING OFF.—I am not inclined at present to spill more words on the crisis nor to ventilate opinions on either side of the great gulf of controversy. For the human mind is not of asbestos, and consuming fires worked havoc on mine at least. Nor do I feel inclined to cabinet-make or even select a new prime minister. Let us leave it at that, and leave the Premier to begin again his vital tasks in his own way. And even his bitterest critics could hardly deny that he deserved a short holiday. My crisis contribution this week shall be confined to a single exhibit, an item labelled "rare and curious." And before submitting it, one word more. Let me put in my plea for restraint and fair play. What is done, is done, and no one, I think, wishes it *now* undone. In these circumstances it is surely not only fair play, but sense, and even logic, to give Mr. Chamberlain elbow room to continue the movement he has begun, and at his own time. There is another point which lends force to this plea for restraint. If Mr. Chamberlain had said: "Hitler and I have signed a peace pact. Now we will disarm instantly and call a halt to spending on armaments," his critics would have good grounds to redouble their dissenting cries. But Mr. Chamberlain is as determined as Lord Lloyd or Mr. Eden to remedy the gaps in our defences and to make a really strong Britain. That fact to-day knocks away the last justification for obstruction and cries to Heaven for restraint and a present end to the voicing of suspicion and hatred against neighbour states. While nation continues to pour insults on nation, there can be no hope of further progress to resettlement.

A NOVEL VIEW OF MUNICH.—Naturally it takes time to formulate and express clearly verdicts on Mr. Chamberlain. The debates in the Houses were too close to the event to give a chance for deep digging or elaboration. Pro or con, they touched the surface of things. The first opportunity for depth charges came in the weekly reviews published when Westminster was again deserted. And of those charges which I examined, Mr. J. M. Keynes' was the most remarkable. He is very clear of his ground, for he is a forceful writer and thinker. It seems that at the Munich Stadium Hitler and Chamberlain fought a cross. Each squared the other. Their objectives are the same. Hitler has decided to bag the Ukraine next and needed to make his flank secure by neutralising Czechoslovakia before joining hands with the Poles to seize the Ukraine, which on the whole he regards as a more profitable next venture than Balkans, Western Europe and colonies. Neither he nor our Premier ever had the slightest intention of coming to war. It was play-acting. We had been already "squared" by Germany promising to forgo a fleet and to ca' canny on colonies. France was bought off by Germany forgoing her western aims. Italy has been virtually side-tracked, with a contemptuous tossing of a crumb, Germany's renunciation of Balkan aims. The Duce's Mediterranean aims are left in the lurch. The humiliating defeat of Munich was not, after all, suffered by Chamberlain. The victims were Italy and Russia. The Prime Minister's play-acting began with gas-masks and ended with bouquets, and he swallows his performance with a good conscience. Thus Mr. Keynes knocks on the head the theory that Mr. Chamberlain was clay in Hitler's hands or suffered a humiliating diplomatic defeat. His latest champion has certainly dug deep below the surface and brought up some very novel specimens of Machiavellian finesse. His theory (whether Mr. Chamberlain be grateful for it or no) is comforting to the fainthearted in Britain (if such there be), for the peace of the British Empire by means of this elaborate plot "may be secured for a considerable time."

GOVERNESSY.—Is it to be lightly dismissed—that charge from Hitler against us that we constantly make "governess-like" references on the high moral plane concerning domestic happenings to which we object in dictator states? When Hitler made the charge he clearly showed that he realised the difference between democracy's very free freedom of speech and the padlock of dictatorship. But I am not convinced that a majority in Britain to-day does not begin to sympathise with his irritation or at least to understand it. True, we do not mind criticism ourselves. We take a peculiar pride to ourselves in adverse criticism about British institutions in foreign papers and books. But all nations do not share the same sense of humour, and Germans do not like criticism from us of what they consider concerns themselves only. Nor do they realise (as we do) that the voice of Eden, or Churchill, or even of that Don Quixote Nicolson, is not always Britain speaking. Or, put another way, there are times and seasons, when these spokesmen say their pieces, when Britain thinks silence golden. There is a time to speak and a time to keep silence even from good words. And another point. Has Britain, declaiming from the high moral platform, thundering against what it considers injustice or cruelty or persecution in other lands, benefited one jot in the last two years the victims it champions? Moral platitude (like patriotism) is "not enough." The moral sanction cuts no ice. Though he speak with the tongue of angels, the private member will not come forth an avenging sword, but only an annoying gadfly. And that being so, since the world is sick from a surplus of mosquito bites, he might do well for a time to hold his tongue. The trouble is, so many private members over-rate the importance of their trusteeship. It is an extravagance which their constituents seldom endorse.

ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA.—The announcement of the Royal visit to Canada was of first interest to the Dominions. Details were considered when Lord Tweedsmuir was over here. The tour will be short but their Majesties will get across Canada (in more ways than one). They will cross the Rockies and see Vancouver and the Pacific side. The senior Dominion receives the first of what the Empire hopes will be a series of Empire Royal visits as the reign continues and if and when more secure conditions in Europe allow. In London perhaps by a certain section the good news was diluted with regret when it was realised that Their Majesties would be away from London during an important part of the season. What (said they) will be Ascot without the King and Queen? *Hamlet* without the Prince. I don't take this doleful view. When it is considered how untiringly the King and Queen devote their time to fixtures and functions of all kinds in social life, high and humble, fashionable and otherwise, it is an admirable thing that now and again a break with convention should be brought about by more important duties. No one function, least of all a fashionable one, should be regarded as earmarked by tradition for the presence of the King and Queen. Moreover, the present year might be a good one in which to begin a larger break with tradition, what one may call the "staggering" of London Season functions. The Courts under present conditions are a tremendous burden, too closely packed. It may well be that these functions may one day be spread over a wider period and become features of the little seasons. The Canadian visit will be long a subject of great interest and speculation as to whether it will develop into a meeting (it would be of the shortest in any case) between the King and the President of the United States. It would be welcome enough in America. No one who reads American journals can escape the conviction that a large section of the American people take as *personal* a pride and interest in the King and Queen as do the peoples of the great Dominions. Constitutionally, the visit to Canada breaks new ground and will involve the writing of new constitutional history and precedents. No Minister of the British Parliament will accompany the King. It will be a Canadian Minister who will be always at his right hand during the tour. The Statute of Westminster brings it about that this important visit is a new departure. It is a visit by the Sovereign to an independent nation of equal status with that of Britain in the Commonwealth of the British Empire.

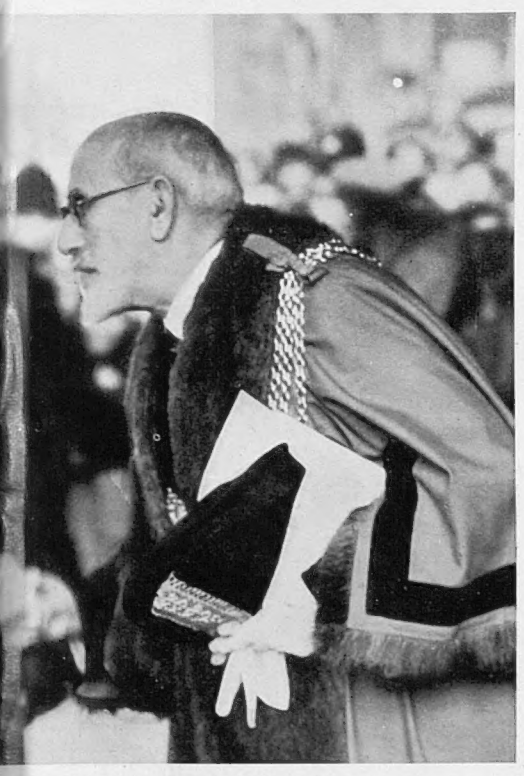
QUEEN MARY IN LAMBETH: Her Majesty being greeted by the Mayor when arriving to open the new town hall extension last week, exactly thirty years after she had accompanied King George V, then Prince of Wales, to the opening of the original building. Nearly all schools in the borough were closed for the occasion, and, as depicted *on right*, the police had quite a job keeping the children under control

SCOTLAND IN OCTOBER.—

It is nearly twenty years since I last had occasion to visit Scotland in October. There are many who say that June and October are the ideal months for the Highlands and I think they speak truth. The holiday months of August and September show the heather in bloom, but for sheer riot of colour October is the month of all others. It was wonderful, as the train wound slowly upward to the hills, to see the snow far down and dazzling in the sunshine on the higher tops and to note the golden patches of birch scrub and bracken, the scarlets, reds, crimsons, browns and purples of the changing leaves not yet shaken down, and the paler gold of harvest fields with the stooks still standing and often crowned with black patches representing marauding grouse packs. And below the snow line the moors stretch away in liveries of sober brown. On a fine sunny morning in October, after a night frost, the air is champagne to the visiting southerner, and if he be offered a chance to drive grouse, he then finds that October grouse driving is the champagne of shooting. Once more I registered a vow to defer my holiday till later in the autumn another year, to follow the fashion of "staggering" to the limit and to listen again to the thrilling sound of stags roaring in the forests. But *homme propose, les enfants disposent*. The snag is always the children's holidays.

QUEEN VICTORIA—AUTHORESS.

—I don't know how many times I have read Queen Victoria's *Leaves from the Journal*, etc. I have got the habit of taking it down and reading it every autumn before or during my holiday in Scotland, and I have come to the conclusion that it is a classic. People in the past have poked fun at it for its examples of unconscious humour, but I think most of the shafts should be aimed not at the authoress, but at her editor. Lord Beaconsfield, perhaps, spoke shrewder than he knew when he coupled the Queen and himself in his famous *We Authors, Madam*. For the truth is, there are few books dealing with the Highland scene which more vividly and more attractively paint the colour and beauty and grandeur of the hills, or more effectively bring across the atmosphere of the Highlands than these notes by a really talented artist with pencil and with pen. In short, it is fair to say—very late in the day—that Queen Victoria was among the first and the greatest of publicity agents who attracted tourists to the Highlands and laid the foundations of a very important Highland industry. Herself an enthusiast, she wrote from the heart, and that is the only essential ingredient in the recipe for literary merit.



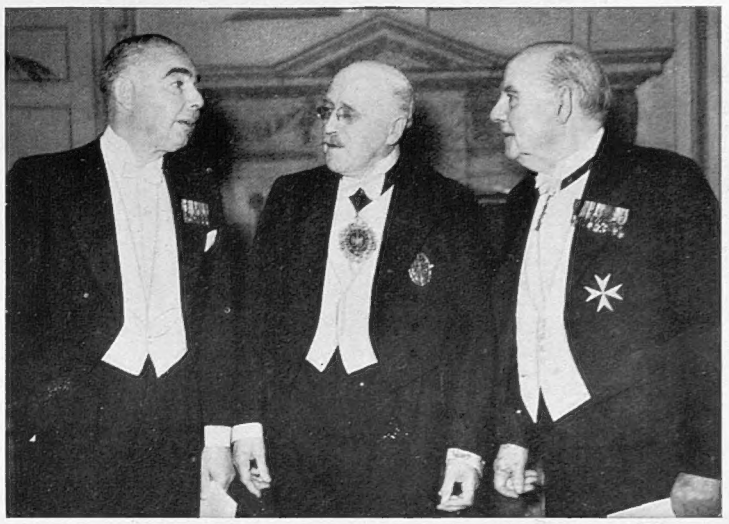
THE OLD SEMAPHORE LINE.—

I was interested and charmed by a short, illustrated article in *Country Life* on the old semaphore systems to the Admiralty. With the surviving links in the London–Portsmouth chain I have been familiar all my life, having been born within sight of one, spent some of my youth under the shadow of another, and now living within a mile or two of a third. These semaphore towers were equipped with machinery for rapid, visual signalling, and were constantly manned by trained men. The invention was first brought out about 1760 and employed for many decades. As the writer pointed out, many seeing the surviving buildings, now often hidden in dense woods, wonder how on earth an accurate system of communication was maintained. The answer is, the towers are older than the woods. At Chatley Hill, Cobham, for example. I have a charming water-colour by a master, dated 1807, which shows the big pond near Cobham at that time. Looking across it towards London all was bare heather where now the rising ground behind the pond is crowned with dense fir woods, and doubtless a century and more ago the ground was bare heath from Ripley to Chatley. And the other towers were doubtless all chosen (Putney, for instance) on a basis of height and absence of foliage.

LORD STANLEY.—

Lord Stanley's death, so untimely and so unexpected, came as a deep shock to both Houses, and was the cause of wider regret among the public than is often the case when even more famous politicians die. For his family is a British institution, and even the Cecils cannot show so extraordinarily consistent a record of public and political service from father to son. If you turn to *D.N.B.* and read the biographies of the Earls of Derby, from 1500 onwards, the similarity in the courses of their careers instantly strikes you. The notice of any one might almost serve for any other. The motto of the House might as fairly be *Noblesse oblige* as the yet very appropriate *Sans changer*. I remember well my confusion, when I was editing the Creevey papers, with the identities of the Stanleys who played their notable parts in politics and public life during Creevey's seventy years and succeeded one another as Earls of Derby. Three at least during that period followed the course laid down for (and always taken up by) the heirs of that ancient earldom created in 1485. The career of Lord Stanley, so tragically cut short, followed with curious accuracy those of the 14th, 15th, 16th and present Earls, and might well have ended as illustriously as that of the "Rupert of Debate" or of his own father. As a fact, he possessed or employed few of the arts of the successful parliamentary debater. He was very reserved and very restrained and never played on the emotions. His character accordingly was the more clearly revealed in his public appearances, and the House and country knew him to be a man of great honesty, marked sincerity and with a determination rather than an inclination to carry out his almost hereditary responsibilities of public and political service. Like all his family, his chief recreation was racing.

THE OLD STAGER

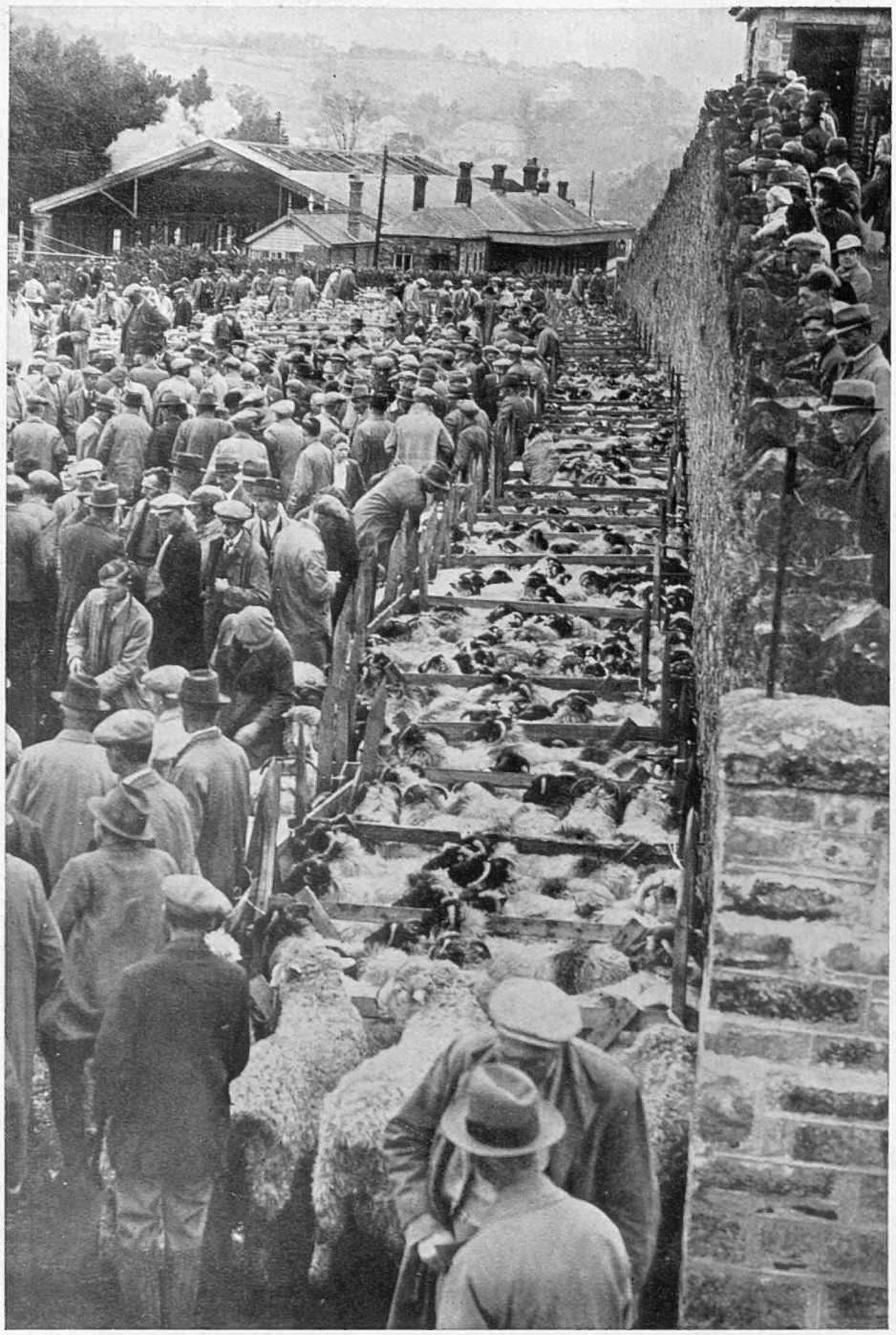


THE WAR MINISTER ANNOUNCES SWEEPING REFORMS IN THE TERRITORIAL ARMY: Mr. Hore-Belisha (left) in conversation with Sir George Truscott (centre), the Acting Lord Mayor of London, and Lord Wakefield at last week's gathering of the City Lieutenants' Club at the Mansion House, where he outlined in his speech the changes he is going to effect in the organisation of the Territorials, making them to all intents and purposes a replica of the Regular Army instead of a mere subsidiary force

A MAN WITH A GIANT TASK: General Sir Walter Kirke, Director-General of the Territorial Army, who will reorganise the Territorials on the lines laid down by the War Office. The official strength of the force under his command is now 186,689—the highest figure since the war

THE W.A.T.S.: Viscountess Cantelupe (right), wife of General Sir George Jeffreys, has been appointed Chief Commandant for Hampshire and the Isle of Wight of the new semi-military organisation known as the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, and is seen here interviewing a recruit at her office in Winchester. *Below*—Members of the W.A.T.S. wearing their brassards. In a national emergency they would be called upon for clerical duties at headquarters and would also work in cookhouses and canteens

THE ENGLISH RURAL



TAVISTOCK'S "GOOSE FAIR" IS ONLY A NAME, for last week only about a dozen geese were sold there. As this picture shows, however, plenty of farming folk patronised this annual event, and altogether 5,000 head of cattle were sold to buyers from all parts of the country. October is the great season for fairs, notable among them being Stratford-on-Avon's mop fair

STREET AUCTION

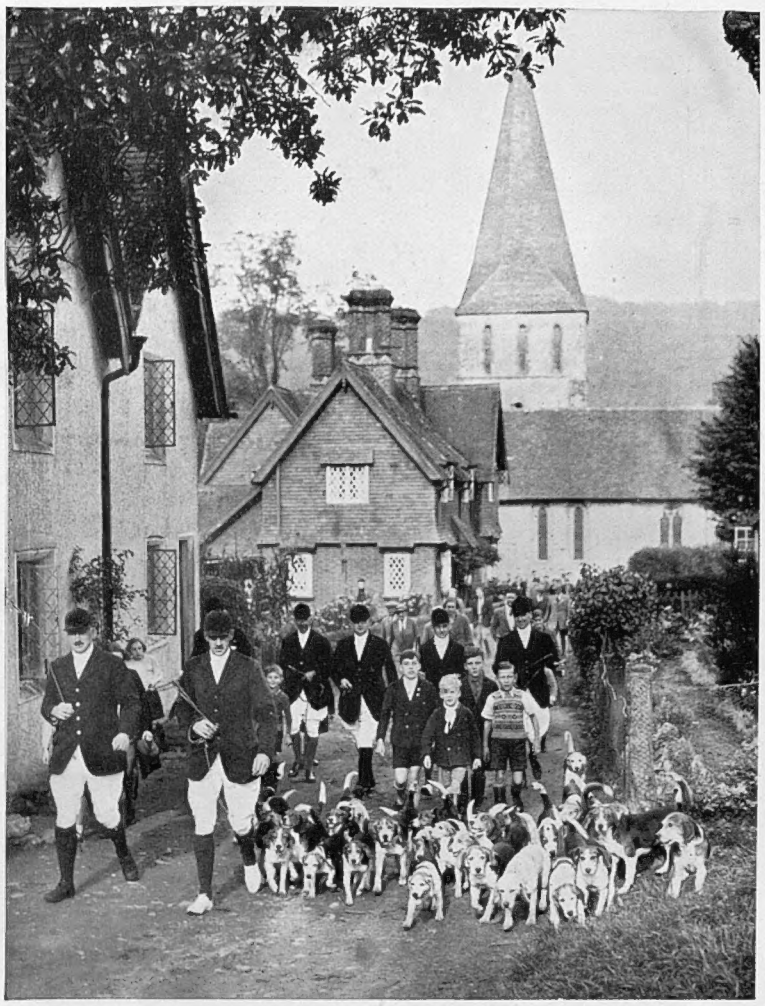
Sheep pens are erected along part of the main street for the market held in the little South Devon village of Modbury, and farming folk, if they so wish, can survey and bid for the stock from the comfort of the hostelry

AUTUMN DAYS IN TOWN: October winds are fast stripping the trees in Hyde Park where the gardeners are busy keeping pace with the fall, which is rather early this year. At the same time bulb planting is in full swing

PLOUGHING, NEW STYLE: Farm hands took part with their tractors in the Kimpton and District Ploughing Matches held at King's Walden, Hertfordshire, revealing the immense saving in time that is effected by mechanisation. There must have been many a countryman present, though, who shook his head at these "new fangled" devourers of ground which, for all their advantages, do nothing to help employment figures

FULL SPEED AHEAD AT CHURT where Mr. Lloyd George has been using this mechanical tiller—a plough for deep digging with a rotary movement—to convert 160 acres of newly-acquired land into a market garden. Men have been working there night and day in eight-hour shifts, continuing after dark under the glare of spotlights. Now the place is ready for planting. The tiller is regarded as ideal for use on acreage that has long been idle

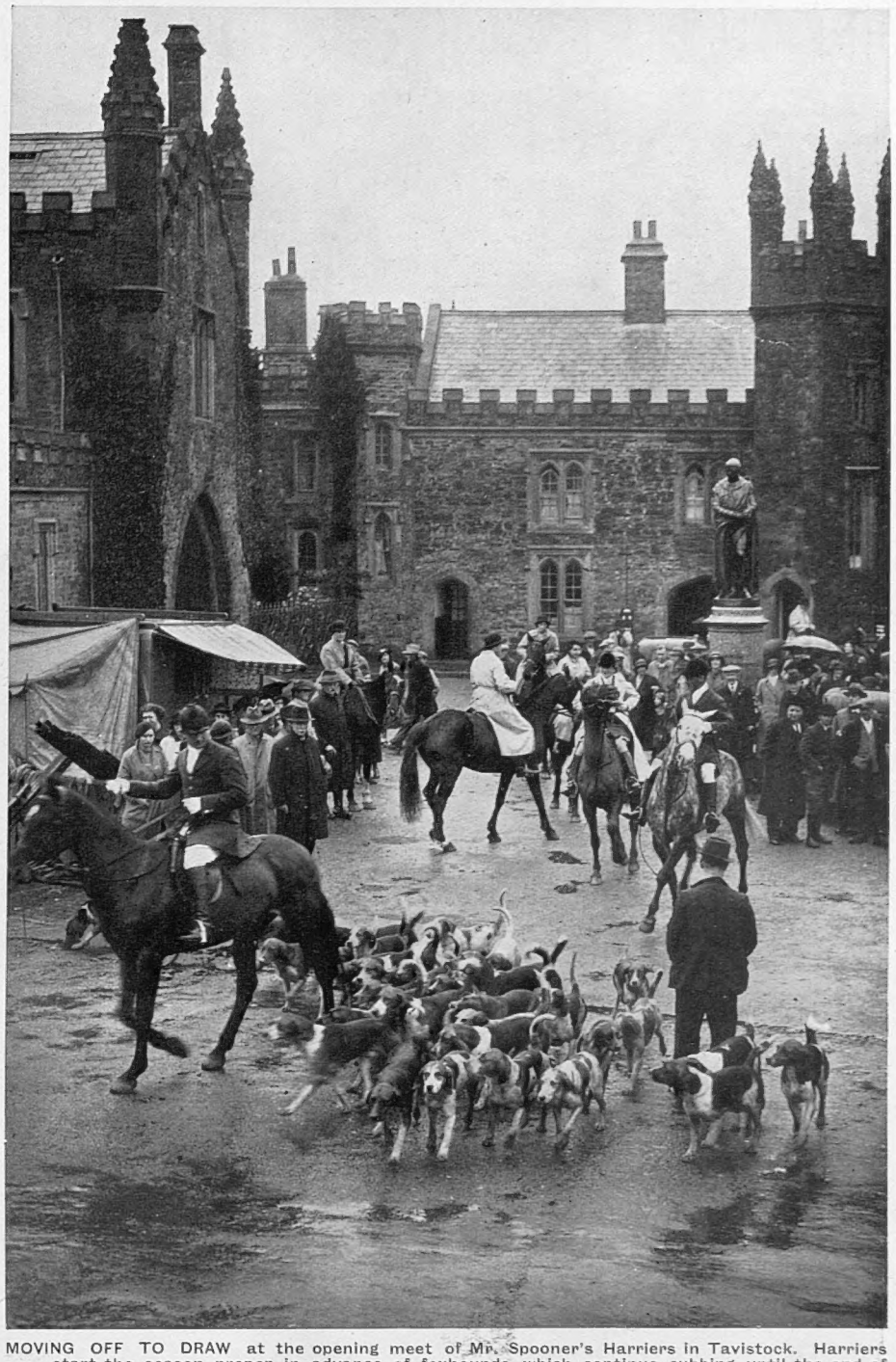
SCENE : *Autumn 1938*



START OF THE BEAGLING SEASON : Moving off from Shere Church at the opening meet of the Guildford and Shere pack. This hunt has a Saturday meet, and there is often quite a large contingent of foot followers from London

PLOUGHING, OLD STYLE : While the tractors roared across the upper part of the field, the horse teams pursued their ponderous but dignified way below them. Another picture taken at the Kimpton and District Ploughing Matches. Similar contests are now being held in many parts of the country, the prizes at some of them being quite substantial. Clay Cross Ploughing Association, for instance, gave seven silver cups and £100 this week

THE MODERN CINCINNATUS : Mr. Lloyd George, his white locks swept by the breeze, giving instructions to the operator of his new rotary tiller which has dug his 160 acres of newly-acquired land in record time. Ever since he retired from cabinet rank, becoming an elder statesman, Mr. Lloyd George has gradually built up a modern farm and market garden at his home at Churt, experimenting all the time with modern methods of production

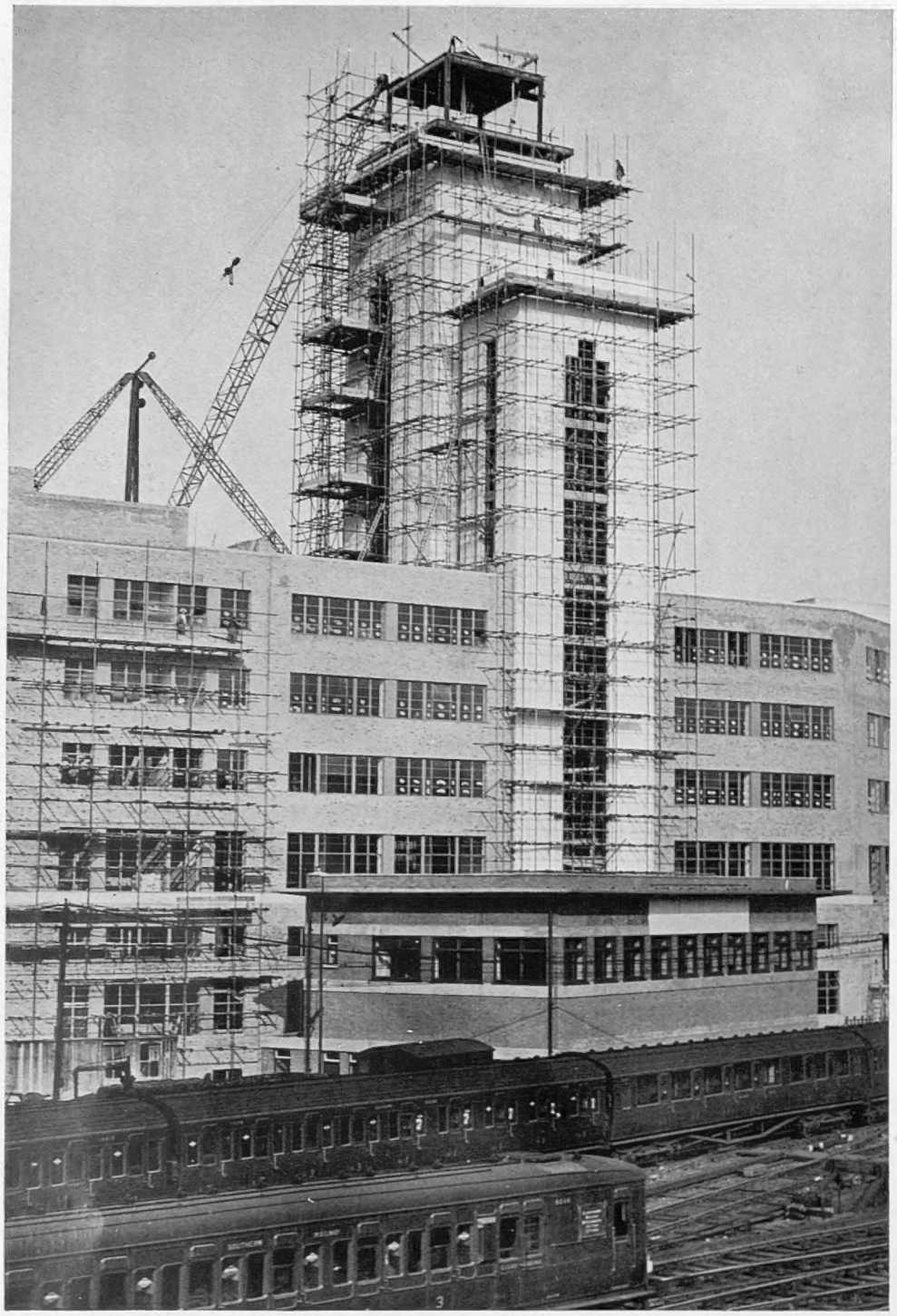


MOVING OFF TO DRAW at the opening meet of Mr. Spooner's Harriers in Tavistock. Harriers start the season proper in advance of foxhounds, which continue cubbing until the end of October. Hunting folk are hoping for better luck this season, for in 1936-37 and 1937-38 foot and mouth disease and heavy flooding in some areas marred their sport considerably

There was a meet this week at Mullion Cove, the picturesque Cornish fishing village of smuggling fame, hounds and horses mingling in striking contrast among the boats drawn up on the foreshore

UNUSUAL VISITORS

IN THE REALM OF TRANSPORT



LONDON'S NEW ROAD, RAIL, AIR CENTRE, the Imperial Airways terminus in Buckingham Palace Road, Victoria, is now nearing completion, and soon the scaffolding will be removed from its imposing tower. The building is to house the company's entire headquarters staff, and from it will be controlled aerial fleets flying a total of 30,000 miles every day. There is to be a main booking hall, and passengers will either go by motor coach to Croydon in order to embark on the land planes or go by special train to Southampton to join one of the giant Empire flying boats

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS: A general view of the scene as Mr. R. Holland Martin, chairman of the Southern Railway Company, addressed a large audience before unveiling a memorial column to mark the centenary of the laying of the foundation stone of Southampton Docks. The column stands at a point which was once covered by the tide and where, tradition relates, Canute in A.D. 1028 is supposed to have reproved his courtiers by ordering, without effect, the sea to recede

BELGIAN ROYALTY

TO THE SOLDIER KING: The Princess of Piedmont, sister of King Leopold; Madame Lebrun; King Leopold; President Lebrun; Queen Elizabeth of Belgium; and Prince Charles, brother of King Leopold, pictured at last week's gathering in the Cours-la-Reine, near the Place de la Concorde, Paris, for the unveiling of the monument to

KING LEOPOLD SEES A DISPLAY OF FRENCH MILITARY MIGHT: These armoured cars were among the many mechanised units that paraded before the Belgian sovereign in the Cours-la-Reine, Paris, after the unveiling of the monument to his father, the late King Albert. Paris was gaily decorated for the occasion, with the French

AT PARIS UNVEILING

the late King Albert of Belgium. The Royal visitors were given a most enthusiastic reception in the city, huge crowds lining the streets from the station, cheering and shouting "Long Live Friendship with Belgium." The French President expressed much the same sentiments in his speech when he said "France remains inalienably faithful to the memory of King Albert"

and Belgian colours everywhere, and throughout the day King Leopold had a round of engagements which included a visit to the Elysee Palace, where he took luncheon with President Lebrun. It was also the occasion for a family reunion, as the Princess of Piedmont, daughter of the late King Albert and sister of King Leopold, journeyed from Italy to be present

TROUBLE—ON LAND AND SEA

A FORETASTE OF WINTER'S GALES: C. Dennant, Skipper Harry Dennant, and W. Haylock pictured aboard the drifter *Presage*, of the Lowestoft fishing fleet, after being towed back to the safety of their home port. They were driven off their course by heavy storms and, although wireless messages were sent out when they were overdue, it was not until ten days after leaving Lowestoft that they were found. The decks, it will be seen, were much disordered by waves which broke over them

MOLEHILL BECOMES A MOUNTAIN: Mr. Mead, of the National Union of Railwaymen, addressing strikers at the Prince of Wales Baths, Camden Town, after the men had discontinued work because a fellow worker had renounced membership of the Union. The Union refused to lend support to this unofficial strike, urging that the grievance in question should be settled by negotiation. Meanwhile the strike extended, 2,600 employees of the L.M.S. refusing to go on duty, thus making it necessary for passengers arriving at Euston and St. Pancras to carry their own trunks and other luggage to and from the trains. The strike leaders remained defiant until last Saturday, when they gave way at a mass meeting and decided to return to work on the following Monday

HEALTH *and* BEAUTY

Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, fourth son of the Duke of Hamilton, leaving Glasgow Cathedral with his bride, Miss Prunella Stack, leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, following their marriage in the presence of some 1,500 guests, a number of whom came by special train from London. Lord David wore Highland dress of the Royal Stuart tartan

1,500 GUESTS AT GLASGOW WEDDING

Princess Napoleon Married in London : The Royal Family Returns to Buckingham Palace

A BONAPARTE WEDS *at a* KENSINGTON CHURCH

Princess Marie Clotilde Napoleon, sister of Prince Napoleon Louis (a claimant to the throne of France) and great-grandniece of Napoleon Bonaparte, leaving her home in Barkston Gardens, Earls Court, for the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Kensington, where she was married last Monday to Captain Serge de Witt, a forty-six-year-old Russian architect and ex-captain in the Russian Lancers. The Princess was born in Brussels in 1912, her mother being Princess Clementine, daughter of King Leopold II of Belgium. If ever there should be a restoration in France, the claims of her brother would be no less strong than those of the Count of Paris, son of the Duke of Guise

HOME FROM *the* HIGHLANDS

The King and Queen, with the two Princesses, driving to Buckingham Palace from the station on returning last Tuesday from their holiday at Balmoral where they have enjoyed a welcome relaxation from the usual daily round of public engagements

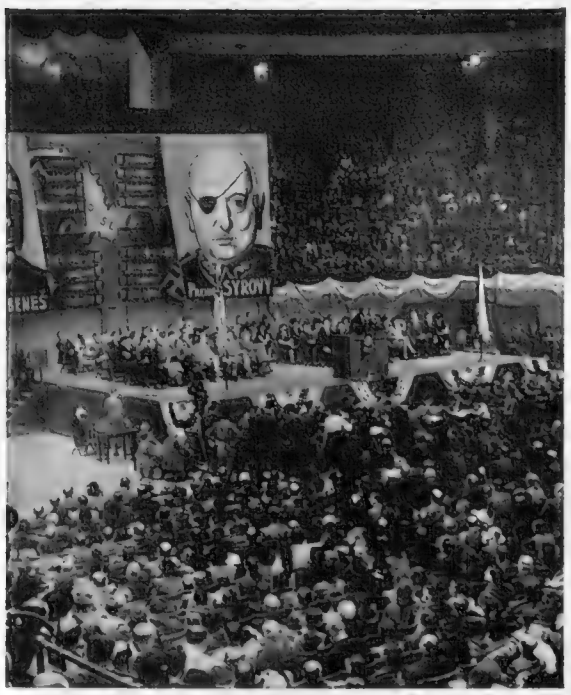
A SPHERE SURVEY

THE WANDERINGS OF LINDBERGH: The famous airman and his wife leaving their plane on arrival at the Templehof Aerodrome, Berlin, in order to attend the annual meeting of the Lilienthal Society for Aviation Research. Before that Colonel Lindbergh was in Russia, and it seems his presence there aroused considerable suspicion for, following the visit, a vitriolic letter, signed by eleven leading Soviet pilots, appeared in the official organ *Pravda*, accusing him, among other things, of being "a lackey of German Fascists and of their aristocratic British patrons"

LINE UP AT LE BOURGET! A scene during the inspection at the Paris airport by Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, leader of the R.A.F. mission to France, before he left for Rheims military aerodrome to watch an elaborate display by French fighters and bombing planes. Sir Cyril was returning the visit paid to London last June by the Chief of the French Air Staff

"MISERY LOVES COMPANY!": This woebegone dog and his enemy, the family cat, settled their differences and consented to occupy a porch roof together when floods threatened their master's home at Elmsford, New York, following the recent hurricane on the eastern seaboard

BARED TO THE NAKED STEEL: Members of the Blackshirt Militia, stripped to the waist and devoid of masks or any other protection, engaged in duelling—a pastime that is becoming increasingly popular in Italy through the encouragement of the Duce, who is an expert with the foil. The winner in any contest is the man who first draws blood



HOW AMERICA REACTED TO THE INTERNATIONAL CRISIS: Strong feeling was aroused in the United States by the turn of events in Europe, and an enormous crowd gathered in Madison Square Garden (*left*) on September 27 for the meeting conducted by the Save Czechoslovakia Committee. Giant portraits of Benes and Syrovy adorned the platform. *Centre*—This is John C. Metcalfe, a newspaperman, who a short while ago joined the German-American Bund (organisation of U.S. Nazis) to learn their secrets and report them for the *Chicago Times*. When this picture was taken he was appearing in Nazi uniform before the Dies Committee on Un-American Activities, to whom he gave a graphic description of what he termed "this fighting subversive force." *Right*—Citizens of Union City, New Jersey, parading through the streets in an anti-Hitler demonstration after they had broken up a "victory meeting" staged by the German-American Bund

"LE PRIX DU BIFTEK"

This Ever-Rising Cost of Living, the Dominant Thought in the Frenchman's Mind To-day

JACQUES BONHOMME GOES TO LUNCH, and these days he gets many a shock in the modest little restaurant where he eats, frequently finding that menu prices of his choicest dishes have risen to new high levels. His wine and his beer are also costing him considerably more

By HARRY GREENWALL

OF what is France thinking mostly at this moment? In the slang of the country, the phrase recognised from one end of France to the other, Jacques Bonhomme is thinking mostly about *le prix du biftek*. I recall one night a long time ago when I was down in the Taverne underneath the old Olympia music-hall on the Boulevard des Capucines. There came along a "guide" looking for English tourists. Recognising me as an Englishman, but a non-tourist, he began to chat of this and that, and then he produced from his pocket book some letters attesting to his capability as a guide. One yellow piece of paper which he exhibited with great pride dated from the dim and distant past when Queen Alexandra—then a Danish Princess—had visited Paris and he had been her courier. I glanced at the document and handed it back and said: "Very nice."

"Yes," said the guide sadly, "but it won't buy my *biftek*."

Time has not stood still, but the eternal question is, will the price of *biftek* be higher to-morrow? You must understand that the word *biftek* is a sort of composite word which really means the cost of living. To Jacques Bonhomme it symbolises the whole of life. This morning Jacques went to work. He walked down twenty-five or thirty steps to get his train on the Underground. He bought a newspaper and sadly reflected that the cost of newspapers had gone up. Then he bought a ticket and reflected how the cost of travel had gone up and up.

Jacques waited on the platform for his train; no longer does he travel first class, he saves a few sous by travelling second. He gets into his carriage; he is not allowed to smoke. He opens the paper and what does he see? He sees that "automatically" the price of electricity has gone up. The cost of travel, whether by train, omnibus, underground, or taxi, has gone up. Rents have not gone up, and Jacques does not know how much better off he is than the little man in England; Jacques Bonhomme pays so much less for rent than does John Bull. But all this is just a question of comparison. Jacques knows he is paying more, and he cannot understand it. His taxes have gone up and he knows well enough that he is going to pay still more in the very near future. Somebody, he reflects, has to pay for the last crisis. That reminds him. He looks up and he sees that there is green glass still in all the railway stations; it seems that the Government has forgotten to change that.

At 11.30—I am talking of Paris now—a midday newspaper appears. Jacques grabs it. He looks at the front page and there are big black headlines which tell him that the pound and the dollar have gone up. This, of course, really means that the franc has gone down. Jacques knows that by now and he reflects rather wearily that it is a curious way of telling him about his own national currency. It makes his heart stand still for a moment because Jacques knows well enough that when the pound goes up so does the cost of living. That is another blow.

Jacques goes to lunch. His *biftek* has been costing him more and more. The menu of the modest little restaurant where he eats is full of items which have been scratched out in red and new figures written above or below the line. Wine has gone up, beer has gone up, so has cider. Yet if we take these things in English currency Jacques eats very well for a very modest price, but he does not think so. He remembers when he could eat as well for much less.

Jacques Bonhomme goes back to his office and puts in several hours' work. Then when he comes out again there are several evening papers offered to him. He buys one at least, for every self-respecting Frenchman purchases at least three newspapers a day, and many buy four. The franc crisis has pushed the other crisis out of the picture for the time being. France's little man thinks it is all very confusing. Life, it seems, is like a see-saw. First a thing seems all right, and the next moment the other side of the see-saw bobs up and it is all wrong and extremely confusing to the little man. Life in general bewilders him very much at the moment. Take just the other day when a gendarme tapped him on the shoulder and handed him a small piece of paper. Jacques took it, opened it, sighed, and stuffed it in his pocket. Then he went round the office shaking hands, and went home to tell his wife "it" had come. She knew; she was waiting for it. Madame packed a small bag and put in a bottle of wine and some slices of ham and sausage, then she kissed Jacques on both cheeks and hugged him and off he went to guard a bridge.

Jacques was awfully surprised when he arrived at the barracks to find there was not even a uniform ready for him. Instead, they put a *brassard* round his left arm and told him he was back in the army again. It all seemed very confusing. For months the newspapers had warned Jacques Bonhomme that war was getting nearer. He had read speeches saying that France was prepared for all eventualities, and now, dash it, not even a uniform.

Then the newspapers began to appear with a new hero in the headlines. His name sounded something like Shamberlain. He seemed to be the man who had pushed war off the front page. Then Jacques was told he could go home. Back he went to his wife, and he found her just as pleased with Shamberlain as he was himself. Everything was fine. Newspapers were collecting signatures for addresses to be sent to the British Prime Minister. One Paris evening newspaper had a grand idea of building a House of Peace beside a bubbling trout stream, and the ground on which the house would stand was to be given to England, so that it could be British soil for evermore. Gladly Jacques opened his purse and sent a small donation to the newspaper which was collecting for this worthy object. Gladly and thankfully, Jacques Bonhomme went to bed.

In the morning, when he bought his newspaper, it seemed that something had gone wrong overnight. M. Shamberlain was not quite the hero that he had been when Jacques went to bed. What was it all about anyway? It seemed that *ce bon M. Shamberlain* had signed some sort of paper when he spent an hour alone with Hitler, and because this paper had been signed, England had done France wrong, so the newspaper said at any rate. Jacques sighed; what a complicated thing life has become, he thinks. Up one day and down the next; just like the pound. It all seems somehow connected with this British pound. France no longer has the right or the will to decide things for herself. Everything is settled in London, says France's little man. What is Paris going to do

(*Continued on page* 164)

On right—**NEWS CONSCIOUS:** The French citizen is an indefatigable reader of papers, buying at least three a day to learn the latest political and economic tidings that affect him so closely. Needless to say, he views with increasing gloom the antics of the franc which spell ever-rising prices

THE MOTOR SHOW:

The Duke of Kent Foreshadows Renewed Prosperity for the Industry

A general view of the scene at Earls Court on the opening day of the 32nd International Motor Exhibition when enormous crowds gathered to hear the Duke of Kent's inaugural speech and to see the wonderful array of new season models. "The number of vehicles in use," said His Royal Highness, "continues to grow, and with the return of confidence and the resumption of general buying, the necessity to replace cars and marine craft, which the public have been retaining much longer than usual, will quickly ensure renewed prosperity to the industry. So far as this potential public demand is concerned, there will be no difficulty in meeting all the requirements on the floor of this great hall"

PALESTINE BOUND:

Horses of the Royal Dragoons Waiting to be Shipped at Southampton

With the steady deterioration of conditions in Palestine, where the racial conflict has grown ever more serious in the past thirty months, Britain has decided to send re-inforcements to cope with the situation, and last week the Royal Dragoons, some of whose horses are seen awaiting embarkation at Southampton, left for the Holy Land. At the same time, men from Malta and India were also drafted to the scene of operations and, as a result of their coming, it is hoped to put down the reign of Arab terrorism so that a start may be made on the question of settling the differences between Jew and Arab

A NEW JEWISH COLONY AT NATHANYA

A WELL-ORDERED COMMUNITY IN A TROUBLED LAND: A concrete-paved road and modern shop premises in Nathanya, one of the new Jewish settlements, which has lately risen in Palestine and is thriving despite the continuance of racial trouble in the country. Nathanya, which lies on the coast road running between Jaffa and ancient Caesarea, is for the most part inhabited by American Jews who derive their income by working grape-fruit plantations and orange groves in the surrounding country

A GROWING RESORT: During the past summer large numbers of people from other Jewish colonies in Palestine took their holidays at the new settlement of Nathanya where there is a fine beach and good bathing. In time to come it is expected that Nathanya will emerge as an important resort, possibly taking the place in this respect of the all-Jewish city of Tel Aviv which since it instituted elaborate harbour works has proved less attractive to holidaymakers. The town of Nathanya stands on a bluff above the sea

EVIDENCE OF PROSPERITY: Saloon cars parked outside a café near the beach in the new Jewish settlement of Nathanya. The buildings there are all distinctly modern, the roads are well paved, telephone lines have been installed, and on all sides there are indications that the place is thriving—a remarkable fact when it is taken into account that business in large areas in Palestine has been almost at a standstill for months past. The settlers have shown a distinct aptitude for agricultural work, and the exported products of their fruit farms are already yielding them a substantial income

With PALESTINE'S REGU

A VANTAGE POINT IN THE HILL COUNTRY OF EPHRAIM: A British military observation post overlooking a stretch of the Jerusalem-Nablus road, where of late Arab bands have been most active, operating in large bodies. Last week it became clear that the Arab patriarchs had lost much

MEMBERS OF THE JEWISH DEFENCE CORPS, a voluntary organisation which is now over 10,000 strong, carrying iron palings when setting out to build a barbed-wire fence as a protection against the increasingly daring Arab raiders. The Jewish Defence Corps, it will be noted, is equipped

EVER ON THE WATCH: Young Jewish workers defending a sandbag position on the outer edge of the potash concession at the northern end of the Dead Sea. The concession has been constantly menaced by Arab raiders.

LARS and IRREGULARS

of their control over the young nationalist zealots, and there was considerable relief when it was announced that reinforcements of British troops were on the way out to Palestine, these including the 18th Infantry Brigade from Aldershot, one brigade from India, and two battalions each from Malta and Egypt

with up-to-date rifles, the British authorities placing every confidence in their good faith and in their determination only to use arms in self-defence. There have been reported of late some isolated incidents of Jewish aggression, but only among a few young hot-heads rashly acting on their own initiative

and only a few weeks ago five lorries carrying potash from the plant were attacked and wrecked, aid arriving too late to save the situation. In these uncertain circumstances the way in which the Jewish communities carry on is a matter for real wonderment

OUTRAGES IN TIBERIAS AND JERUSALEM

AFTER THE MASSACRE AT TIBERIAS: In this house 60-year-old Mendel Katin and his wife Dora, two immigrants from America, were buried alive during the terrible night in this town by the shores of Galilee where twenty-one Jews were killed in a house-to-house visitation by armed Arabs, ten of the victims being young children. No more terrible event has occurred since the racial conflict began in Palestine, and, as a result, the Arab cause has lost numbers of its supporters abroad. Britain clearly intends to put a stop to these outrages and to secure some measure of pacification before proceeding to the even larger task of determining what the future government of the country shall be. The question of administration is, of course, to a large extent dependent on the nature of the findings of the Woodhead Commission

PRECAUTIONS IN JERUSALEM: By Government orders all buses are now caged with heavy steel meshing in order to protect the passengers from bombs and other missiles which are frequently hurled at them. *Below*—A corpulent police woman (Russian Orthodox Christian) searching Jewish women following a bomb outrage outside the city. One of the women is winking at the plain-clothes detective standing by

HUNGARY'S

And Other Aspects of the

RUTHENIA'S CAPITAL: A scene in the town of Uzhorod which Hungary has been claiming from Czechoslovakia together with large areas of surrounding territory and of neighbouring Slovakia. Negotiations regarding the cession of these areas began last week at Komarom, on the Danube, but later there was a serious hitch when the Slovakian and Ruthenian delegates refused to accept as a basis for discussion the Hungarian official maps of 1910. This sudden interest in the small, little-known and backward district of Ruthenia has a deep underlying significance, in that Hungary and Poland are known to be eager for a common frontier. If either or both absorbed Ruthenia this would, of course, be achieved. When the Komarom Conference broke down on October 13 M. de Kanya, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, declared that—*The Hungarian delegation had come to Komarom with the best intentions, hoping that they would be able to reach an agreement within the shortest time. They were earnestly desirous of bringing about a settlement calculated to consolidate peace and good neighbourly relations between Hungary and her northern neighbour. That hope, he said, had now vanished. The October 13 offer by the Czechoslovak delegation was separated from the Hungarian proposal by such a wide gulf that it was clearly beyond hope to bridge it by continued negotiation at the Conference. The Hungarian Government considered the Conference closed and would apply to the four Great Powers signatories of the Munich Agreement for a swift settlement of the dispute.*

Two aspects of the Czechoslovakian situation that command particular attention at the moment are Hungary's claim to Ruthenia, which is dealt with pictorially on these pages, and the effect, as regards communications, of Germany's occupation of the five ceded zones. The latter subject is discussed in the notes below, while the accompanying map reveals how eastern and western Czechoslovakia are now no longer capable of any direct rail communication.

OSTENSIBLY, Germany's territorial claims on Czechoslovakia have an ethnological basis, and so the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia has been carried out under cover of the convenient principle of "self-determination." Actually, a good deal of territory has been transferred to Germany for purely strategical and economic reasons.

The most striking feature of this astounding piece of territorial carving is the way the new frontier cuts Czechoslovakia's main railway lines and trunk roads in a number of vital places, so that the Czechs are now faced with the alternatives of interrupted railroad communications, or going to the enormous expense, which they can now ill afford, of constructing new railway systems. The railway communications between Prague and Moravska-Ostrava, between Prague and Bratislava, in Brno, and between Bohumin and Zelina, are all intercepted more than once by territories now German. The cut on the railway running northwards affects the Czech trade with the outside world via Gdynia, in Poland.

Most serious of all is the fact that German territory now interrupts the railway communications between Bohemia-Moravia and Slovakia; for while the town of Brno remains in Czechoslovakia, the railway running through the Brno junction to Bratislava now has to cross German territory. Thus the eastern and western ends of the republic now have no continuous railway communication.

This cutting of the main railway communications between Bohemia-Moravia and Slovakia also affects transit from western to south-eastern Europe via Czechoslovakia. For instance: Both the lines Berlin-Prague-Brno-Budapest and Paris-Prague-Brno-Bucharest are cut by German territories, the one north of Brno at Swittau, the other south of Brno at Lundenburg.

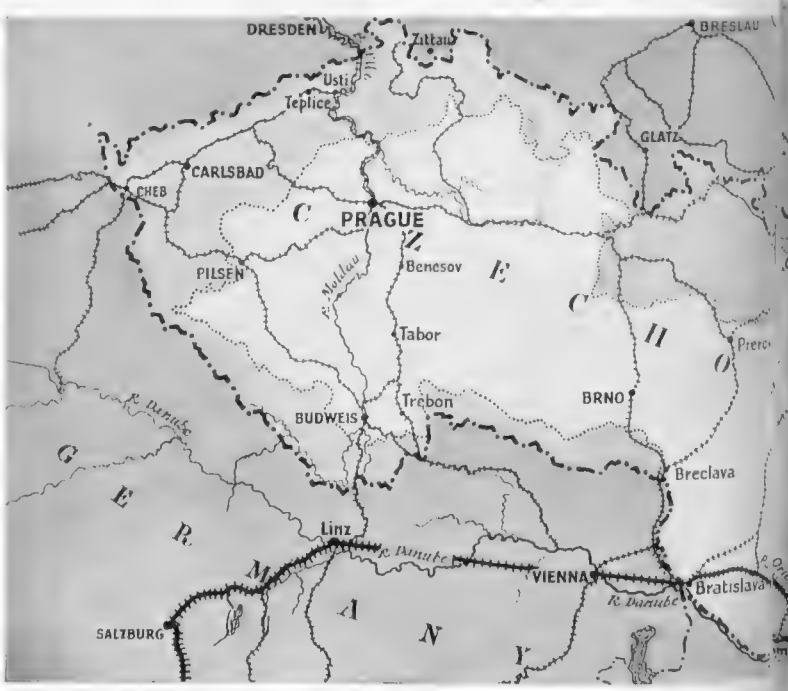
The Orient Express, which only runs through a corner of Slovakia, between Bratislava and Parken, is not affected by the cession of territory to Germany. But it may be, perhaps, by the cession of territory to Hungary.

Czechoslovakia now also has her waterways communications put at a serious disadvantage. A large proportion of her trade with western Europe has always passed via the Maldau to the Elbe, and through Hamburg to the outside world. With the cession of territories to Germany, she loses the river ports of Bordenbach, Aussig and Leitmenitz, and now has only Prague. She retains her Danubian port of Bratislava. But even here some territory—the suburb containing the bridge head, which has nothing whatever to do with the Sudetenland—has been given to Germany. Czechoslovakia's contact with the Danube is just at the point of Bratislava. Hence, for this, as well as other reasons, it is vitally necessary that she should retain this port.

Industrially, Czechoslovakia suffers great losses, including a great deal of her brown coal and some of her black coal, the greater proportion of her porcelain and part of her glass industries, and a good deal of her timber industry. Pilsen remains in Czech territory, and therefore the great arms factory, but the latter is separated from most of its vital raw materials, which are now in German territory. A number of her leading automobile factories are now in German territory. She loses also the spas of Carlsbad and Marienbad. On the loss side of the balance sheet must likewise be included the fortifications and factory plant, upon which she spent millions, and which she has been compelled to hand over to the Germans in the now annexed Sudeten districts.

C. F. Melville

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S OUTLET TO THE SEA: Log rafts being floated down the Elbe, the great river which has proved an invaluable artery to the republic which, by way of it, is in communication with Hamburg. Because of her need for this outlet Czechoslovakia has reason to be on good terms with Germany



THE DISMEMBERMENT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA: A sketch map showing (medium shaded area) the zones which the republic has ceded to Germany under the Munich terms, and also the way in which the principal Czech railroads have been involved by the partition. For instance, the line from Prague to Brno runs for a short distance through German territory—representing an

CLAIM TO LITTLE-KNOWN RUTHENIA

Czechoslovakian Division—How the Railroads are Affected by the Cession of the Five Zones

SUNDAY MORNING IN RAHOVO: Ruthenian peasant women in their national costumes consisting of full, embroidered blouses, scarves, and dark skirts. These Ruthenian folk, or Little Russians as they are sometimes called, have had a large measure of self-government within the framework of the Czechoslovakian state, and lately this has been considerably extended. There are also numbers of Ruthenians in Poland, their cultural centre being at Lemberg (Lviv or Lwow)

A SIGNPOST IN RUTHENIAN AND CZECH outside a village. The Ruthenians speak a dialect much in common with the Little Russian of the Ukraine, though it is marked by many clear-cut differences

TRI-LINGUAL: A sign in Ruthenian, Czech, and Hungarian in the market-place at Uzhorod, the Ruthenian capital. Uzhorod's population amounts to about 26,000 people and, by English standards, it is little more than a large market town. Formerly it belonged to Hungary, and it has still a large Magyar population—hence Hungary's claim for cession

undoubted embarrassment, for from now on there will be no direct rail communication between Bohemia and Slovakia unless the Czechs decide to build a by-pass. This is highly doubtful at the moment owing to the state of their finances. Also marked are Bratislava and Uzhorod, the capitals of Slovakia and Ruthenia, which Hungary has been claiming, and over which the statesmen of the respective countries met in abortive conference at Komarom

A PRIMITIVE LAND IN THE SHADOW OF THE CARPATHIANS: Typical agricultural country in Ruthenia where a backward peasantry ekes a modest livelihood from the soil. In the foreground are neat, thatched and white-washed homes. *Below*—Ruthenians building a raft of logs in the mountainous forest region

The procession of Judges and King's Counsel proceeding from Westminster Abbey, where a special service was held, to the House of Lords, where the Lord Chancellor's Breakfast took place, during the ceremonial which preceded the reopening of the Law Courts for the Michaelmas sittings following the Long Vacation. This was the first time the breakfast had been held since 1931, when it was temporarily abandoned for reasons of economy. Before the Judges took their seats in the various courts the usual procession, headed by the Lord Chancellor, was staged along the Central Hall

START OF THE MICHAELMAS LAW SITTINGS

Britain's Secrets Must Be Guarded

Loose Talk Among Those in High Places, and Its Damaging Effect

By FERDINAND TUOHY

(Author of "The Secret Corps—A Tale of Intelligence on all Fronts")

A NOTABLE sequel to the Recent Emergency concerns the number of people who are *au courant* with why our defence scheme failed to come up to the mark, or who profess to be, loquaciously expounding Sir Thomas Inskip's now-famous "gaps."

Open secrets, in fact, are the fashion. The number of reasons advanced in explanation of "our" having acted as we did at Munich must approach double figures.

Pretty near the top, I should say, was that Nazi Germany knew in sufficient detail the measure of our unreadiness, with its amateurish tinge in vital matters, and that Whitehall was aware that Berlin had managed to secure this information beyond price. All along, Herr von Ribbentrop said, "The English won't fight now." He knew at least one good reason why.

Now, the Prime Minister has told us that there is to be a general inquiry into the state of our armaments and organisation, into why things did not pan out propitiously during the Recent Emergency. Mr. Chamberlain has also informed us that he intends to push relentlessly ahead with rearmament, no matter what olive branches he may keep in readiness for future air trips.

Is it too much to hope that a greater secrecy may be maintained concerning this fresh and intensive rearming that we are setting about, that the State will seek to enshroud it more efficaciously than in the past, and that the public of high and low degree will indulge in less babble in its regard? For all goes into the intelligence mill of foreign countries. When an M.P. living near Salisbury Plain related how even the children in his village knew there were not enough Bren guns per battalion in the local command, the obvious rejoinder is that the children heard so from their serving fathers or relatives, who should have kept quiet about it.

Taisez vous! Méfiez vous! Les oreillies enemies vous écoutent!

The defence departments could do worse than have an English version devised of this fine old wartime warning for affixing in indicated quarters. From what I have heard it might even not be out of place above the work-table of a prominent personage, one who loves to circulate socially and baskingly hold forth. Not long ago, it seems, X was so absorbingly indiscreet that, prior to joining the ladies, another of the company admonished, "But do you think you really ought to say so much?" To which X is reputed to have responded that it all helped his show along.

The Sandys case, with its half-admissions and clumsy attempts at hush, was jam for foreign Intelligence services.

In the realm military (naval and air, of course, included), I doubt if the Totalitarians are anywhere else more in advance of us than over this business of maintaining secrecy of plans and preparations. Consider a moment. When Herr Hitler wished to enfold in secrecy his rapid construction of the Siegfried line, which was destined to play, even more rapidly, such a paramount part in events by causing the French to consider themselves blocked, what did the Führer ordain? Simply that all foreigners should be excluded from the wide territory involved. And that all Germans involved in the work of fortification and its manning, military and civilians alike, should have re-impressed upon them the necessity of their saying not a word.

"Re-impressed," because citizens of the Nazi State have for the past two years been instructed in the value of secrecy, its direct potential bearing on their own lives or deaths. As they have witnessed exactly what happens to those in their ranks who enrol under what Kipling called "The Standard of Yellow": the headsman's axe at chilly courtyard dawn for such as dabble in giving information to foreign agents.

Of course I'm not suggesting we should go back to Anne Boleyn, or that we should banish all foreigners from this or that zone, but there's no reason why we shouldn't contemplate the remarkable results other regimes can obtain in this perilous phase by having recourse to such extreme measures. The beheading decree has rendered it more and more difficult for other countries to secure German nationals to work for them as spies within the Reich. The Siegfried ordinances made it pretty well of a problem, I believe, just how much of this line had really been completed, and how good was the material used. At least, passing through Paris at the height of the Recent Emergency, I gathered that important personages had gone into several prolonged huddles on the subject.

Turn to a second aspect where the Totalitarians have the advantage of us—and this article is written solely in the hope that it may add, however infinite, to the protection of Britain, it being in no way a reflection on the aims or methods of others.

In this country are large foreign colonies whose every member is card-indexed and instructed that he or she is permanently a personal outpost of the homeland, living in all things yet within the realm of this, save as regards the alien soil upon which daily and physically the feet are set. What finer forcing ground of observers, listeners, of people following the trend—let us say it, of spies, too, than such closely controlled alien colonies in our midst, entire innovation, making their world-première, in the past year or two?

Where have we got anything like them, to rely upon, on the Continent? Just as well? I should say so. But that is not the point. The point is that we are already sufficiently handicapped in the dual military function of keeping secret our own preparations and ferreting out what the others are doing without our accentuating this handicap by inadequately guarding our secrets and unnecessarily talking about them.

With the arrival of the Bloodless War, plainly heretofore conceptions regarding the protective role exerted by "Intelligence" requires to be reviewed. At the end of the war we were just appointing Security Officers under this branch, whose duty it was to be to see that in a dozen different ways our armies gave away a minimum of information to the enemy on the Western Front. It was a sound and long overdue scheme, and something of the same kind may be overdue now, here at home, in these piping days of peace.

Dictators take decisions to forge or not to forge ahead on the basis of minute study of all available A.1 information concerning the most likely reaction of (a) the country scheduled for penetration, (b) its allies or friends. Intuition may play a part, notably with Hitler, yet study forms the basis. It is well known that in the days preceding his first and riskiest coup, the reoccupation of the Rhineland, the Führer would for days listen to nothing but a straight answer to a plain question put by him to all who gained his ear. *Will the French march?* That was all Hitler wanted to know. Nothing else mattered to him just then. And one can without much difficulty imagine that something of the same kind happened through recent September, only this time with "the British" substituted for "the French."

How came it that Herr von Ribbentrop, who spent a strange eighteen months here as Ambassador in 1936-7-8, was able to be so positive that we were in no position to "march"? That is a question we should ask ourselves to-day—with an eye to the future. With a terrific armed might stalking Europe unbeaten, unchallenged, nations can to-day suffer all the mutilation and humiliation of defeat without a war ever having started, merely because the Titan has contrived to organise such a totalitarian Intelligence system that he *knows* beforehand that others will not or cannot bar his path.

Certain people abroad are good learners, and, by heaven, haven't they had material to learn from since their clumsy spying efforts "last time" in the form of all that has been authentically written in divers lands on the subject of espionage and Intelligence work generally! If you add to this accrued knowledge the unexampled opportunity to develop keen, patriotic agents offered by the new-fangled controlled "colony," as mentioned above, and add thereto the further forcing ground for spying that can be cultivated among refugees, it may not appear so surprising that Herr von Ribbentrop *was* so well informed the other day.

For every political or other refugee before the war, of pre-war days, there must be 100 and more to-day. Fugitive Jews, Liberals, Socialists, "intellectuals," trying to eke out an existence in various capitals—brainy material, note well, these intelligent and such uprooted ones, but adrift and in penury and often with little more to lose in this world . . . the very stuff for semi-forcible recruiting under "the Standard of Yellow."

Yet this is not a "spy" article, else one would be tempted to hazard a list showing the social identity of the majority of spies apt to be operating in our midst, by way of warning to the public. The matter requires to be taken the other way round: it is up to the public not to present the information to the spies, either in vanity-babble or in any other way. This is how the lid has been clamped tight down in Germany on leakage through "popular" channels.

Hitherto there have been three forms of Intelligence work: military, industrial, political. The trio stands, the first including such currently vital matters as expansion, training and equipment, supply services, mobilisation. But now a fourth factor has materialised, into which the public has been conspicuously drawn: air raid precautions. Instead of being trumpeted from the housetops, as seems to be the inclination, the nature, development and condition of our aerial defences should surely be kept as secret as other military aspects?

Looking back on these queer latter days, one is impelled to think at the last of the gentleman referred to earlier on as "X."

There is such a secret agent abroad in our midst to-day as is known by the label "trender," and how potent he may be! Trends, namely, what governments will really do in given eventualities as distinct from what they proclaim for the gallery or for the benefit of those who menace them, are obviously of capital importance to-day, provided they are reliably reported on.

DURBAR PAGEANTRY IN PATIALA: *The New Ruler Rides in State Through His Capital*

THE SPLENDOUR OF PRINCELY INDIA: His Highness Maharaja Yadavinder Singh, who succeeded to the rulership of the Indian state of Patiala on the death of his father last March, riding on a richly caparisoned elephant as he left the Durbar Hall following a ceremonial assembly of dignitaries during the recent Dussehra festival (a noted Hindu holiday) which was marked by a magnificent display of pageantry in keeping with the fact that this was the first Dussehra of the new reign

THE MINISTERS OF STATE LEAVING THE DURBAR HALL after the great gathering held during the Dussehra festival to do honour to Patiala's young Maharaja. In addition to the Durbar, an impressive military review was held, the four regiments of cavalry, the four battalions of infantry, and the battery of horse artillery, which are maintained at His Highness's expense, all taking part. The new Maharaja, who is twenty-five years old, is actively interested in the administration of his state, and, like his father before him, is a keen cricketer. Patiala is the premier state in the Punjab and has a population of about 1,700,000

THE BATTLE-SCARRED "KWEILIN": The China National Aviation Corporation's passenger plane seen at Kai Tak, airport of Hong Kong, after being salvaged from the Wang Mun river, where it was shot down by the Japanese on August 24 when carrying a full load of passengers to Chungking. Only three persons escaped with their lives, most of those that survived the crash being killed by machine-guns

KAI TAK *and the* CHINA WAR

Hong Kong's Commercial Airport—Its Relation to the Sino-Japanese Conflict

By JEAN GORDON

Last week a Japanese expeditionary force landed at Bias Bay, near Hong Kong, and advanced inland to cut the Canton–Kowloon Railroad preparatory to making an attack on Canton itself. Thus the Sino-Japanese war entered on a new phase and involved a new area, British interests being menaced through the fact that the railroad is her great commercial link with China proper and brings her her food supplies. Another link is by air, but, as the author of the accompanying article tells, the services from Kai Tak, Hong Kong's airport, are now being run at some hazard

WITH so much that is vital happening in Europe at the moment the world may have forgotten the tragedy of August 24, when the China National Aviation Corporation's plane *Kweilin* was shot down by the Japanese while carrying a full load of passengers up to Chungking. It is still vivid in our minds because the salvaged machine, lying waiting for repair at Kai Tak, airport of Hong Kong, is a grim reminder whenever we pass.

Only one passenger and the pilot and wireless operator escaped. The rest were either killed in the crash or shot down by machine-gun fire while swimming or clinging to the wreckage. The attack was made at Chang Kapin, in the Chungshan Province, 15 miles west of Macao, the pilot making a forced landing in the Wang Mun river.

Hong Kong airport received a message to say that he was being attacked, then another saying he was about to attempt a landing, then—silence. The superintendent immediately sent out an S O S to the Navy and H.M. Gunboat *Cicala* was quickly on the scene and was of great assistance in keeping the inquisitive Japanese at a distance while salvage operations were in progress.

The C.N.A.C. engineer at Kai Tak was in charge of this very successful effort. A pathetic note was struck when a toy motor car was salvaged. This belonged to one of the two boys who were killed.

After sinking, the plane drifted nearly two miles, but it had already been found by the natives by the time the salvage equipment had been brought to the spot. This had to come from Canton by devious back creeks via Wuchow to avoid possible Japanese interference in the Canton delta.

It took six days to salvage the *Kweilin*. Fortunately it was lying in clean fresh water so the plates are not damaged and it will be possible to make a complete repair at Kai Tak—at a cost which will not exceed the transport alone if it were shipped to America where it was originally built.

Since this tragedy the C.N.A.C. have temporarily suspended their Hankow service, but they are talking of commencing night operations.

It was very soon afterwards that one of the Eurasia three-engined monoplanes was attacked on its way to Hankow with a full complement of passengers, German and Chinese. In spite of being struck by ten bullets, this machine landed safely, but since then the service has been rearranged.

Meanwhile, the *Pan-American Clipper* continues to pay her weekly visits, undeterred by the tragedy of the *Hawaian Clipper* which was lost, and never found, on July 29. This machine was on her way from Guam to Manila. The pilot made the usual routine message to Manila (relayed to Hong Kong), giving his position and saying he was altering course slightly in a southerly direction to avoid storms. The wife and children of the Kai Tak superintendent were actually waiting at the airport with their luggage to take passage in the clipper to Manila for a holiday in Bagio. But she never came. With her seven passengers and crew of nine (the pilot was one of the pioneers of the line) she has completely vanished. And the patch of oil which was discovered, with so much excitement, on the water in the vicinity of their last radioed position, has since been analysed and proved to be citronella, an oil commonly used by fishermen.

THE "KWEILIN" HAULED UP FOR REPAIRS on being brought back to Hong Kong following salvage by the China National Aviation Corporation's engineer. After sinking, the plane drifted nearly two miles, but natives succeeded in locating it and salvage equipment was brought to the spot from Canton

A NARROW ESCAPE: This three-engined Eurasia monoplane was attacked on its way from Kai Tak to Hankow but, in spite of being struck by ten bullets, succeeded in getting through. Since then the service has been rearranged, and the machine has been given larger identification marks

A new addition to the airport's services is that of Air France, which was inaugurated on August 10 by a reception at Kai Tak during which the French Consul-General made a speech of welcome to the *Ville de Vientiane*. This 11½-ton, 22-seater, 3-engined Dewoitine is the largest and most powerful plane to land at Kai Tak. It arrives weekly from Hanoi with its eight passengers, which will soon be increased to twelve, when the French airport at Kwang-chow-wan is ready. This plane brings Paris within six days of Hong Kong.

Last, but not least, the Imperial Airways service forges steadily ahead. This has now been speeded up to six days from London, and since the arrival of the "all-up" mail, carries double the quantity—roughly 1,300 kilos. This has naturally necessitated increasing the number of planes on the route, so that in place of the single weekly arrival and departure of a few months ago there is now one Imperial Airways plane in and two out every Tuesday, and two in and one out every Friday. This is an interesting comment on the habit of week-end correspondence.

In addition to the whir of propellers, one is further deafened, these days at Kai Tak, by the noise of the repair shops, which are working at top pressure. The Eurasia Corporation have had several planes damaged (by bombs and gunfire) and all are being repaired at Kai Tak in preference to incurring the heavy transport costs of shipping them back to Germany. These planes are constructed of corrugated metal, and all the corrugation is done by hand, matched and fitted by patient John Chinaman. He is ideally suited for the job, and since he does not demand the high wages of the skilled aircraftsman at home, there surely should be a big field for aircraft construction here in Hong Kong.

* * *

The accommodation problem is getting daily more acute. Refugees pour in, and the Chinese landlords are, quite naturally, politely but firmly evicting their European tenants in favour of their own more wealthy countrymen who can afford to pay a fancy price for safe accommodation.

Even Europeans are not immune from the temptation of profiteering. Many a harassed

(*Continued on page* 164)

THE PROBLEM OF FEEDING HONG KONG

HONG KONG'S HEAVILY OVER-POPULATED NATIVE QUARTER, into which thousands of Chinese refugees have been flocking following the Japanese landing in Bias Bay and the subsequent advance towards Canton, capital of Southern China

SINCE the early days of the present Sino-Japanese war the influx of refugees into Hong Kong has created many problems, and these have now been further multiplied by the Japanese landing on the Kwangtung coast with the object of capturing Canton. In the first place more refugees have been crowding into the already over-populated colony, thus creating an acute shortage of accommodation, and in the second place the railway has been cut by the Japanese, thus depriving Hong Kong of her principal source of fresh vegetable and meat supplies. A report in *The Daily Telegraph* on October 17 stated that food prices had doubled in two days, and that the colony's administration had issued emergency regulations empowering the requisitioning of food and the control of prices. At the same time an urgent cable was sent to Manila ordering shiploads of vegetables to be sent immediately

THE JAPANESE INVASIO

Scenes on the Coast of Kwangtung, where Militia Attempted to Ke

A DEFENDER OF THE KWANGTUNG SHORE: A Chinese militiaman on coastal guard duty in the southerly province, where a Japanese expeditionary force, 35,000 strong, landed last week and began a thrust against Canton. *Below*—Kwangtung villagers, one of whom is grotesquely armed with a spear, pictured as they gathered to help in the defence of their shores

Above—MERGING WITH THE LANDSCAPE: Camouflaged Chinese coastal guards taking up their positions in a trench when preparing to resist the landing of Japanese troops in the southerly province of Kwangtung. Last week they proved unable to hold out

ON OF SOUTHERN CHINA

Keep the Enemy at Bay, but have been Driven Back by Surprise Landings

Below—SOUTH CHINESE PEASANTRY LEAP TO ARMS: A detachment of volunteers leaving their village in answer to the Government's call for men to help with the work of coastal defence as the Japanese threat to Canton grew more menacing. The two men at the rear of the column, it will be noted, carried antiquated sabres

KEEPING WATCH AND WARD: A cleverly camouflaged guard on duty on a typical stretch of the Kwangtung shore, where the Japanese, after frequent attempts, have succeeded in effecting surprise landings. *Below*—A standard bearer of south China's volunteer coastal defence force. With him is the detachment's young mascot

On STAGE *and* SCREEN: *By* PHILIP PAGE

YORKSHIRE BURLESQUE: Nancy (Betty Fleetwood) shows the photographer and reporter (Frank Pettingell and Alexander Grandison) the group taken on the joint wedding day of the three couples who are celebrating their silver weddings. A scene from J. B. Priestley's new play, *When We Are Married*, one of the most lighthearted efforts he has given us to date and a rare commentary on north country life. It is at the St. Martin's Theatre

INTERLUDE FROM DISCORD: Lottie Grady (Mai Bacon) and Henry Ormonroyd (Frank Pettingell), the genial, philosophic, old toper who earns a precarious living as a press photographer, make an admirable couple in Priestley's new play at the St. Martin's, *When We Are Married*. The author imagines what would have happened in a Yorkshire town thirty years ago if it had been discovered that three pillars of nonconformity, in the moment of celebrating their joint silver weddings, had discovered a flaw in the original ceremony

No Question of To-morrow Becoming the Day Before Yesterday in J. B. Priestley's New Play With a Yorkshire Setting: Lilli Palmer's Acting Deserves Better Parts:

ADMIRABLE as were Mr. J. B. Priestley's dramatic experiments with time, it is with some relief that one finds him in a lighter and less abstrusely philosophical mood and turns to a play in which there is no question of to-morrow becoming the day before yesterday. What Mr. Sydney Howard has done in musical comedy with Yorkshire townlets with (to non-Yorkists) unpronounceable names, Mr. Priestley now enlarges in a cheerful absurdity, *When We Are Married*, at the St. Martin's Theatre.

The townlet in question is Cleckleywyke, and the folk chiefly concerned are Alderman Helliwell, two of his sturdy, successful, methodical, and Methodistical friends, and the wives of the trio. Or, to be exact, non-wives. For just when a joint silver wedding is being celebrated, with whisky, port, and cigarettes on the sideboard, it is revealed that the young minister who had performed the wedding ceremony was not legally qualified to do so, that on that distant day in the local chapel they had started on a quarter of a century of living in most respectable "sin." Such a theme might have been treated in many ways, but the author, wisely I think, has chosen to poke fun at it, and clever fun, too. The men are of different types, the arrogant, the crushed, and the slyly salacious; the women also differ, being united only in their tendency to nag and bully. The secret leaks out, of course—had it not there would have been no play—and there is the devil to pay. A dismissed "char," after shrill and insolent cackling (Miss Beatrice Varley), departs to spread poison in the local pub. A plump woman-of-the-town (can such things be in Cleckleywyke?) tries blackmail, and very well does Miss Mai Bacon handle a difficult part. Mr. Norman Wooland, as a frankly farcical parson, attempts imbecile sympathy.

The sextet of unmarrieds, prominent among them Mr. Raymond Huntley, Miss Muriel George and Miss Helena Pickard, are amusingly perturbed in their several ways. Mr. Frank Pettingell, as a boozing press-photographer (in the local lingo "photo*grapher*") who would not hold down a job on any paper for a week, has an irrelevant scene with a pert parlourmaid (Miss Patricia Hayes) which, though less authentic than his Chestertonian bulk and appearance, was equally diverting. If the humour is largely on one note and, of course, a Yorkshire note, it is the genuine article and the play is truly a merry one.

"Bobby Get Your Gun."

—The gun which Bobby got—Mr. Bobby Howes, alias Bobby Lockwood (the Earl of Lockwood)—was in Cuba, whither he had gone to establish his claim to the earldom. With that gun he was able to associate with Chicago gangsters on equal terms, though not on equal terms as a comedian; for whereas Mr. David Burns, who plays stage gangsters with the regularity with which certain other actors play stage butlers, only rather better, has to be content with a bowler hat, Mr. Howes wears an enormous contraption of straw, with a comical conical crown and a rim the size of an umbrella. Since Mr. Howes has an exceptionally small face, this was one way of adding to the fun. At another moment he wore a hat like that favoured by Sir Walter Gilbey and at that same moment showed an excellent sense of character. When he imitated a penguin he wore no hat at all, thus displaying sound ornithological knowledge; for I have never yet seen a penguin in a hat.

I do not know why an earl's title deeds, or whatever they are, should have been in a sort of Cuban road-house any more than I know why that most English of English actresses, Miss Diana Churchill, should have been serving in it as a wine-waitress. If Miss Churchill were not also an exceptionally good actress she would have seemed even less at home in musical comedy, in which she was making her first appearance. That her singing and dancing are possibly not yet up to musical-comedy standard is more than balanced by the fact that her acting is well above it. Add to this her energy, brightness and charm, and you have an ideal leading lady for the Adelphi and, I do not doubt, an ideal Countess of Lockwood, for she is betrothed to Mr. Howes in the last act at the Lockwood seat in the 'shires, surrounded by singing and dancing men-servants and maid-servants whom some of us knew so well *consule* George Edwardes.

But Miss Churchill does not reign alone, for, as there are two kings in *The Gondoliers*, there are two queens in *Bobby Get Your Gun*. The other

is Miss Gertrude Niesen. Miss Niesen disdains cheeriness and conventional charm, though she can shine devilishly as a comedienne. Almost is she *macabre*. She has a face such as Aubrey Beardsley used to draw and a figure like the more daring efforts of Norman Lindsay. She slithers in and out of the limelight and when she is in it has a knack of making one forget all about everyone and everything else. Her singing is remarkable; whether it is remarkably good or remarkably bad (I incline to the latter view), it is a characteristic adjunct of this remarkable young woman.

Familiar and welcome friends are Miss Bertha Belmore and Mr. Wylie Watson, and there are pretty tunes and pretty young things in plenty to dance to 'em. But if a musical comedy by the Marquis de Sade, who was interested in the theatre, is ever discovered, I would give the leading role to Miss Niesen.

"Behind the Blinds."

—Although plenty of dramatic things doubtless happen in plenty of flats, to make a play out of a block of flats as such is difficult. Mr. Vivian Tidmarsh has not solved the difficulty in *Behind the Blinds* at the Winter Garden. The tantalising thing is that he is so obviously an efficient dramatist that it seems he might have done so had he made an effort in that direction. His individual scenes in individual flats are most of them excellent; only in one of them—a story of an elderly married couple, the ghost of whose dead son revisits them once a year—is he, as it were, flat-footed, and even those experienced players, Mr. Gerald Lawrence and Miss Fay Davis, could make little or nothing of it. But something more is needed to bind the episodes together than the chatter of a couple of drab women, one with pail and duster, on the staircase, though Miss Renée Reel and Miss King char-ed and chattered realistically enough.

In its present state *Behind the Blinds* is rather like a revue without music. As such it gives plenty of mixed entertainment, some touches of drama that grips and of comedy that is unquestionably comic, and well deserves a visit. Good performances from Mr. Charles Groves as a mild husband who turns on a ranting wife, Miss Noel Hood and Mr. Barrie Livesey as a couple of under-worldly folk (the best episode of the lot, this), and Miss José Huntley Wright.

"Tree of Eden."

—Unlike Mr. Tidmarsh, Mr. Kenneth Horne has a strong, if hardly original, central theme for his play, *Tree of Eden*, at the Apollo. We are to imagine a pretty young girl living on a remote island in the Galapagos group with her mother and a female servant. She has never seen a man. Of the Facts of Life, by which is mainly meant, in this case, matters of sex, she knows

CONSTELLATIONS OF A SINGLE STAR: A composite picture showing popular Frances Day in various poses during one of her big song numbers in *The Fleet's Lit Up*, George Black's musical show at the Hippodrome where "house full" notices have been very much in evidence. Stanley Lupino co-stars with Miss Day

nothing at all. She speaks good English but has never listened to "bad" English words, and when she subsequently learns some she repeats them with parrot-like innocence. She smokes a pipe but has never heard of cigarettes, nor of high-heeled shoes and a myriad other "civilised" details to which she is introduced when a yacht reaches the island, owned by her wealthy uncle and having on board a woman doctor brought to see her mother.

The play is almost wholly devoted to enlightening this young woman, by name Eve. Her aunt sets out to mould her into genteel form; her uncle wants her money (her mother dies and leaves her a legacy of a quarter of a million or so); her cousin tries to make her a cynic about love and marriage; and the alcoholic captain of the yacht tries to make her drunk. Alcohol is another part of Eve's *terra incognita* and, of course, she asks "What's drunk?"

All these questions, and plenty more about how babies arrive, are asked so deliciously by Miss Lilli Palmer, who is ravishingly pretty and a first-rate little actress, that one can almost forgive the superficial and rather vulgar way the story has been treated. Fantasy would have saved it and so would a serious sociological-cum-biological method, though that might have been a deuce of a job without running the play on to some dull rocks, which is what the captain did to the yacht.

But facetiousness simply will not do—obstetrics, etc., are not particularly funny either on or off the stage, and are often embarrassing—and it soon grows monotonous. Miss Palmer, however, is never monotonous, though she seems to be dogged by the monotony of a fate which dooms her to appear in plays which are (a) quite unworthy of her genius, and (b) involve long scenes in hot climates with men in white suits and a state of intoxication. Mr. Henry Longhurst made intoxication at least tolerable, Mr. Evelyn Roberts turned the stockbroker who employed him into a real, if unpleasant, figure, and Miss Barbara Everest explored with success the humorous possibilities of excessive gentility. For the production and the scenery I have nothing but praise. I can here claim expert knowledge, since a few years ago I spent a little time on some of the Galapagos Islands (pronounced Galápagos, by the way). Since the play had been described in advance as concerning a "paradise in the Pacific," I expected, and feared, a Robinson Crusoe pantomime vision of palm trees, sandy beach, and exotic flowers growing in rich profusion. The Galapagos are not a paradise, but a hell of heat and flies and sinister reptiles and prickly cactus. The scenery is as nightmarish as a lunar landscape, and that is what we saw on the Apollo stage. I sighed with relief that it was a counterfeit and not the real thing.

It would, incidentally, be quite impossible for a young girl to be brought up on any of the islands in Utopian innocence. She could not live on the uninhabited ones, for there is no water. On the others she would learn the Facts of Life before she could say Charles Darwin.

A FILM IN THE HEROIC MANNER: Some leading lights in *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, the technicolor film with which London's new cinema—the Warner, Leicester Square, on the site of famed Daly's — started on its career last week. *Left*—Basil Rathbone as Sir Guy. *Centre*—Errol Flynn as Robin Hood at the treacherous archery contest. *Right*—Robin Hood in chains before the Lady Marian (Olivia de Havilland). The picture is good entertainment, rather of the kind that Douglas Fairbanks senior made so popular in his heyday, Errol Flynn revealing almost the same athletic agility and exuberance as his dashing prototype

"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS," BY HAROLD SPEED: A dramatic painting in the exhibition of this artist's work at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in New Bond Street. The brilliant detail of the stonework of the buildings beside the bridge contrasts remarkably with the rich depth of the shadowy background

CONTEMPORARY ART IN LONDON:

Works from Current Exhibitions—Harold Speed's Oil Paintings—Oliver Bedford's Water-colours

TWO exhibitions well worth a visit are now being held at the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street. The water-colour paintings of Mr. Oliver H. Bedford depicting scenes in "China of Yesterday" are both vivid and cleverly realistic.

He has skilfully recorded the tranquil atmosphere of the Orient before the effects of the present disturbances had completely shattered both atmosphere and architecture together. In years to come this collection of sketches may be a valuable historical record of China before the war.

There is undoubted charm in the serenity of the Buddhas in "The Cave Shrine near Tai-yüan," and although the painting is delicately slight it has successfully captured the intended spirit of eternal watchfulness.

The other painting photographed here, "Soochow, the Venice of China," is both bright and pleasing, and again we can feel the sleepy, unhurried, and eminently peaceful attitude of the pre-war Chinaman.

Mr. Harold Speed's landscapes in oils are of quite a different nature. Here is an artist with a passion for colour and a flair for reproducing high lights in a convincing manner—any one of his landscapes would enhance the walls of a room. But it is not so much the landscapes that hold the attention, the outstanding work in the collection is "The Bridge of Sighs."

It is impossible not to feel the dramatic inspiration of the artist as you look over the bridge through the mysterious shadows towards the pin-point of light beyond.

The brilliant detail in the stonework on either side of the bridge itself shows up in vivid contrast to the rich depth of the shadowy background. An extraordinarily clever piece of work.

Bess Norriss is giving an exhibition of her work a few doors away at the Walker Galleries, and her charming and delicate water-colour portraits, miniatures and figure studies make a very delightful show which needs no mental gymnastics to appreciate. The work displayed covers a period of over a quarter of a century, and one notices rather astonishing changes in fashion and hairdressing in her various studies, which give an added interest to the exhibition.

All artists seem to be most extraordinarily successful with their self-portraits and Miss Norriss is no exception to the rule. From among an innumerable assortment of daintily-tinted portraits this sanguined drawing of herself stands out as a sparkling and spontaneous piece of work, which at the same time is an amazing likeness of the artist.

Ethelbert White is exhibiting a collection of his paintings at the Lefevre Galleries in King Street. His apparently effortless and brilliant manipulation of colour has a charm which is not perhaps revealed at its best in a collection.

Individually, his paintings of woodland scenes unfailingly catch the spirit of the English countryside, and viewed from a distance have an almost breath-taking reality, not at first noticeable—one can practically feel the breeze that is about to ruffle the serenity of sunlight and shadows.

His painting "The Terrace" again holds vivid contrasts in sunshine and shadow.

Brynhild Parker shows a collection of work in the adjoining rooms to Ethelbert White. Though both the oils and water-colours show vigorous spontaneity in execution, the water-colours are perhaps a trifle more original. Slight and extremely sketchy, these drawings in conté and wash give a vigorous impression of the artists' interpretation of the scene.

At the Wildenstein Galleries, 147, Bond Street, Vivian Pitchforth displays a collection of water-colours. The medium is undoubtedly used in its true sense; there is an extremely clever feeling of freshness and wetness in his paintings.

One feels that Mr. Pitchforth has sufficient confidence in his ability to record his own pleasant outlook without hesitating or going over the same ground a second time, and the result is both striking and direct — slightly suggestive of the spontaneous work to be found in Japanese paintings.

In his "Mountains round Harlech Bay" he will undoubtedly please anyone with an intimate acquaintance of Wales.

"SOOCHOW, THE VENICE OF CHINA": A water-colour by Oliver Bedford on view at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in his exhibition of paintings depicting scenes in the "China of Yesterday"

BESS NORRISS—"A SELF-PORTRAIT": A sparkling piece of work by this artist who is holding a "one-man show" at the Walker Galleries

"MOUNTAINS ROUND HARLECH BAY": A water-colour included by Vivian Pitchforth in his exhibition at the Wildenstein Galleries, 147, Bond Street. Here he expresses with rare skill the pervading dampness of a stormy day on the Welsh coast. The dark summits in the background, with their swirling masses of cloud, are excellently portrayed

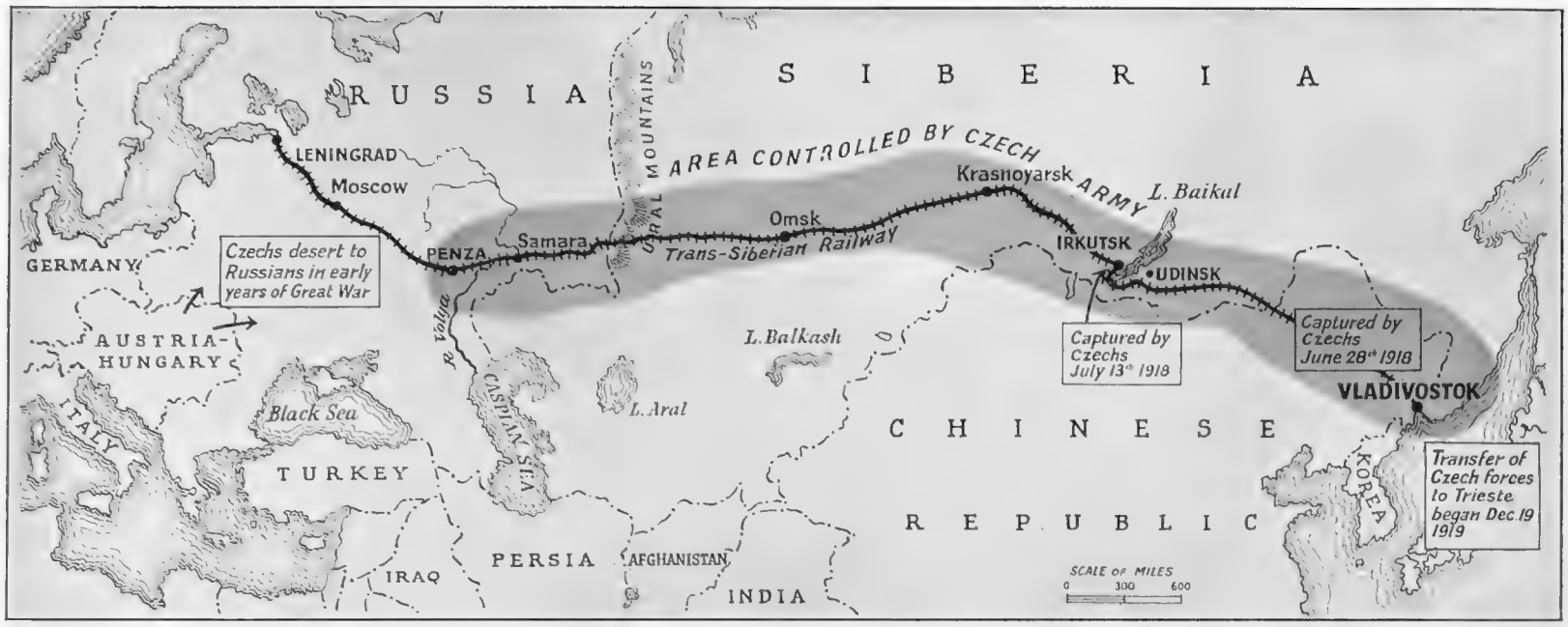
"THE TERRACE," BY ETHELBERT WHITE: An outstanding example of this artist's work now on view at the Lefevre Galleries. The vivid contrast of light and shadow is most effective

BRITAIN BUILDS 45-M.P.H. WARSHIPS

RUNNING HER SPEED TRIALS: This is one of the new 45-m.p.h. motor torpedo boats which are being built in large numbers at Hythe for the Navy Department and some of which are already in service in the Mediterranean. Such is their manœuvrability that at top speed they can, with a turn of the wheel, sideslip immediately from diving planes, and they are said to be able to accelerate from 5 to 38 knots in 8 seconds

On left—

ALL OUT ON THE MEASURED MILE: A close-up of one of the Navy's new motor torpedo boats running her trials on the south coast. The device at the rear is for the purpose of launching depth charges, and it can be appreciated that a number of craft of this type could, thus equipped, co-operate effectively in dealing with enemy submarines



A MIGHTY FEAT OF ARMS: A sketch map showing the area from Penza (Russia in Europe) to Vladivostok which was held by the Czech forces from June, 1918, to late in 1919. The occupied region (indicated by a dark tone) measured some 3,000 miles in length and averaged several hundred miles in width. The Czechs were eventually evacuated by the Allies via Vladivostok, being taken by ship to Trieste and thence sent by rail to the new state of Czechoslovakia

WHEN THE CZECHS HELD 3,000 MILES OF RUSSIA

How Their Isolated Little Army Fought its Way from Europe to the Pacific —An Almost Unparalleled Epic of War

By R. OGDEN

THE events which led up to the foundation of the Czechoslovak State in 1918 have been summarised by Mr. Lloyd George as "one of the greatest epics in history." It is the epic of an isolated army, cut off from home and friendship, exiled in a foreign country, fighting for a solidarity and independence denied to a nation for nine centuries. The assets of the members of this army were few but important, and chief of them was a fanatic faith in their destiny to become an independent nation, free after centuries of struggle from the hated domination of the Austrians.

When war broke out in 1914 the Czechoslovakians were scattered all over the world; some were in Italy, some in England, a large number were in America. Religious and political persecution had driven thousands of Czechs into exile. Those who stayed at home were a small but resolute subject nation among the Austro-Hungarian dominions.

Being Slavs, the Czechs had far more national sympathy with the Serbs and Russians than with the Austrians, and soon there were wholesale desertions from the Austrian armies to the Russians. The Czechs were not the only deserters, but they made up a good proportion of the 2,000,000 who voluntarily left the Austrian Empire and went to Russia during the war. Moreover, the Czechs had a leader; they were organised, and inspired by national sentiment.

This leader was the historian Masaryk, who, exiled from Austria in 1914, rounded up Czechs all over Europe and America and formed them into active units to help the Allies against Germany and Austria, the oppressors of his fellow Czechoslovaks.

With the help of Dr. Benes and Milan Stefanik, Masaryk formed in 1916 a National Council of Action. He also won the support of British statesmen, and set off in 1917 for Russia to organise the Czech troops there.

He was able to obtain recognition of the Czechoslovak army in Russia as an independent Allied unit, and soon the Czechs were thrown into the balance against Ludendorff, who wrote of them: "The Bolshevist troops offered very little resistance, but the Czechoslovak troops composed of Austro-Hungarian prisoners of war fought much better, and fierce engagements took place."

Meanwhile, the Russian revolution had taken place, and Russia began discussing peace with Germany. Masaryk immediately decided to transport his troops to the Western Front.

This, however, presented difficulties, as Europe was closed to their entry. Masaryk set about negotiating for their embarkation at Vladivostok, the Russian port on the Pacific Ocean, which could be reached by the Trans-Siberian Railway.

In the meantime, the Czech troops, cut off though they were in a foreign country, set themselves methodically to improve their morale and fighting power. They studied the war in the greatest detail; they trained their bodies rigorously with the traditional gymnastics now known all over the world through the Czechoslovak "Sokols"; they did everything to preserve and increase group consciousness. Moreover, they were held together by a common emotion, the desire for the freedom of their race from domination, and for an independent Czechoslovak nation. This was now identified for them in the downfall of the Austro-Hungarian tyranny. In the Russian revolution they were not interested. The emotions of the Russians did not move them. They kept aloof from Bolshevism.

At last the negotiations were completed and Masaryk got an agreement from the Soviet Government for a safe conduct for his soldiers eastwards across Siberia. So great was the enthusiasm for this crusade that recruits came flocking to join the exodus and, starting with 42,000, they ended with close on 60,000.

The Germans meanwhile learnt of this new movement, and determined to do everything possible to stop it. They prevailed upon the Soviet Government to make an effort to disarm the Czech legions. German and Austrian prisoners were hurriedly freed and armed and set to man the stations on the railway.

Matters came to a head at Irkutsk on Lake Baikal when the first echelon of Czechoslovak artillery was just arriving. Looking out of the carriage windows on to the gloomy station, the Czech troops were surprised to see it crowded with Russian soldiers. It did not take them long to see that they were greatly outnumbered. As soon as the carriage doors were opened, the Czech soldiers were given an ultimatum. They were told they must give up their arms in fifteen minutes or take the consequences.

Scarcely had the Czechs been given time to consider this command when a crackle of bullets from the top of one of the station buildings told them that they were being fired on by a machine-gun.

Among them they had thirty carbines and some hand grenades, but their well-trained morale showed to advantage in such a crisis. The weeks of waiting had not been wasted. Without hesitation they fell upon their assailants, seized their arms and took them prisoner. The ill-kempt spiritless Bolsheviks and German and Austrian prisoners were no match for these self-trained soldiers.

A force was sent by the local Soviet but the Czechs soon made short work of their new enemies and took command of the station. They got in touch with the rest of the army and warned them of the Russian treachery. The Czechs held on to their arms and from defence soon turned them to attack. Scattered as they were at various points along the Trans-Siberian Railway, they started methodically to take possession of it. Moreover, the 11,000 men who had already penetrated to Vladivostok turned back to help their comrades.

By June 6, 1918, they had taken over the line from Omsk to Krasnoyarsk (see map). Their power was soon extended as far as Penza in the west and Udinsk in the east. On June 28 Vladivostok fell into their hands, and on July 13 they captured Irkutsk. By the middle of July an area 3,000 miles long and several hundred miles broad was under Czechoslovak domination, including the important connections between the River Volga and Lake Baikal. "The pages of history recall scarcely any parallel episode at once so romantic in character and so extensive in scale," writes Winston Churchill in *The World Crisis* of this amazing exploit.

By September the whole of the Trans-Siberian Railway was in Czechoslovak hands. "Thus by a series of accidents and chances which no one in the world had foreseen," writes Winston Churchill, "the whole of Russia from the Volga River to the Pacific Ocean, a region almost as large as the continent of Africa, had passed as if by magic into the control of the Allies."

Having consolidated their position in Central Asia, the Czechoslovak army sent a message to Professor Masaryk, who was then in the U.S.A., asking for further instructions. "The health and spirits of our troops are excellent," ended the message.

THE LOG HOUSES OF IRKUTSK: A street scene in this Siberian town which fell into the hands of the Czech forces in July, 1918, representing another link in their chain of communications from Europe right across Asia

WHERE THE CZECH ARMY REACHED THE SEA: The port of Vladivostok which the vanguard of the little force occupied on June 28, 1918, thus completing one of the most remarkable exploits of the great war. In the following year the Czechs left Vladivostok in transports provided by the Allies

The Allied Council soon saw the value of this achievement and the Czech troops were ordered to remain. Copious supplies were sent to them but the promised reinforcements did not arrive. The strategic importance of the Czechoslovak victory lay in the fact that it had cut off from Germany and the Soviet Government the ability to obtain the rich supplies of food and raw material which they had counted on drawing from Siberia, and also that it cut off great numbers of German prisoners from the chance of rejoining the German army from the Siberian prison camps.

Meanwhile, Czechoslovak regiments had been fighting in France and in Italy for the Allies, and on June 30, 1918, President Poincaré officially recognised Czechoslovak nationality by handing over the colours to the 21st Czechoslovak regiment at Darney. About 50,000 Czechoslovaks offered themselves as volunteers to the U.S.A. and Canada, and by August 9, 1918, Great Britain formally

(*Continued on page* 164)

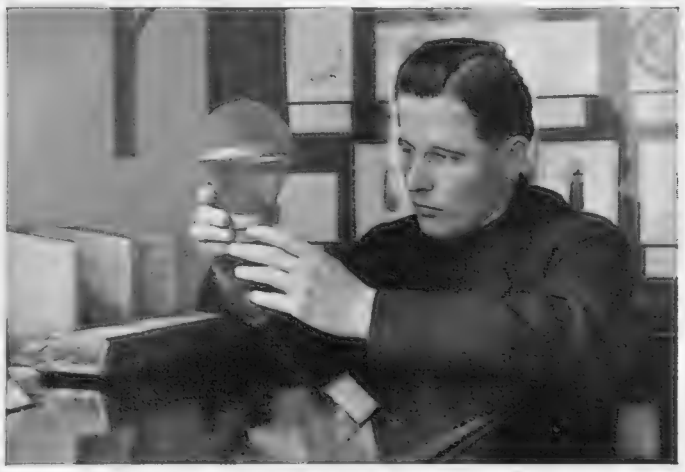
MOSQUITO HUNTING ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH

The Ross Institute Holds a Special Malaria Course

Below—
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF RESEARCH: Missionaries, planters, mining engineers, and folk from many another walk of life are included in this group seen on Hampstead Heath when engaged on a mosquito-hunting expedition organised by the University of London's Ross Institute of Tropical Hygiene in connection with its free malaria course for laymen. These "expeditions" take place several times a year, and the students are shown how to examine the ground for traces of mosquitoes. Samples of ground are then taken back to the laboratories for analysis

A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION: Lady Watson, wife and chief assistant of Sir Malcolm Watson, director of the Ross Institute of Tropical Hygiene, searching for traces of the mosquito on a marshy area of Hampstead Heath during the expedition on which she accompanied some 200 students taking the institute's free malaria course. By disseminating knowledge of malaria and its causes among mining engineers, planters, missionaries, and others whose work takes them to hot climates, the institute is doing an invaluable service, and helping, slowly but surely, to banish a disease that has wrought havoc with many a career

On left—
EQUIPMENT FOR MALARIA-STRICKEN DISTRICTS being shown to planters from Ceylon, Borneo, and Rhodesia during the free course at the Ross Institute. Most of these men have given up part of their leave to take the course



On right—
EAGER TO LEARN: The Rev. Bernhard Boehl, who is a Swiss missionary, pictured in the Ross Institute's museum. He has been taking the malaria course preparatory to going out to Rhodesia

On left—
MOSQUITO LARVÆ UNDER THE MICROSCOPE: Studying the habits of these minute but dangerous insects upon which the Ross Institute continues to wage such ceaseless war

On right—
NUNS EXAMINING MOSQUITOES UNDER THE MICROSCOPE: They are shortly going out on missionary work to Nigeria, where a knowledge of the causes, prevention, and cure of malaria will prove invaluable to them

HOW HOLBORN PREPARED: An enormous load of sand for A.R.P. purposes dumped in the centre of the street near the junction with Grays Inn Road. While in some instances the price of sandbags rocketed during the crisis, there was much less profiteering in sand and, right up to the day preceding the Munich agreement, it was possible to purchase it at the standard rate. Cases of profiteering in other A.R.P. material have been numerous, and local authorities are now reporting on them to the Home Office

AN OLD SAXON BURIAL GROUND CAME TO LIGHT when these A.R.P. workers were engaged in digging trenches in the village of Horton Kirby, near Dartford, Kent. Two nearly complete skeletons were unearthed

SANDBAGS WERE AT A PREMIUM during the crisis and since then many startling facts have come to light regarding the way in which the price leapt up to ridiculous levels. The Lord Mayor of Plymouth, for instance, has stated that the local A.R.P. committee required 300,000 bags, but found that within a month they rose from the usual figure of 1½d. each to the prohibitive one of 10d.

The PRICE *of* A.R.P.

The Cost of Trench-Digging and Air Raid Precautions Materials During the Crisis

THE value of the recent crisis as a rehearsal in air raid precautions for the civilian population was high indeed, and valuable also must have been the lessons learnt by the Home Office as regards the organisation of gas-mask distribution, trench-digging, etc.

The most startling fact emerging from this mobilisation of the forces of passive defence was the profiteering which took place in A.R.P. materials, steps to prevent which must certainly be taken against the day when another emergency may occur. The most glaring example of steeply-rising prices was provided by dealers in sandbags who, as the crisis was reaching its head, asked customers to pay 10d. per bag instead of the usual 1½d. or 2½d.

In all fairness it must be said that overcharging for sandbags is strongly resented by the principal manufacturers in the jute industry, particularly in view of the fact that through their organisation they are working in collaboration with the Home Office and supplying sandbags at prices which are officially approved. The sandbags made in Dundee—the chief source of supply—are manufactured to Government specifications, and it is understood that the regulation price is 18s. 11d. for 100 at the factory, or a little over 2¼d. a bag.

Enormous quantities of sandbags have been manufactured and supplied at these prices; but during the crisis the demand became so great that it could not be completely

(Continued below on left)

(Continued from above on right)

met from the usual sources of supply and many local authorities had to obtain sandbags where they could. It is recognised in the trade that some merchants took advantage of this situation and that quantities of sandbags—probably of Calcutta cloth—were sold at up to three or four times the proper price. Apart from other considerations, the reputable manufacturers are indignant that the whole industry should be saddled with the odium of what they themselves describe as profiteering.

In Leicester, it appears, profiteering was of a particularly serious order and, as a consequence, the local Parliamentary and General Purposes Committee are reporting on the subject to the Home Office and the Board of Trade.

On right—TRENCH DIGGING AT WALHAM GREEN, one of many areas in London where there was feverish activity as the crisis drew to a head. In the City of Westminster, which has a population of 129,000, three miles of trenches were prepared, the cost of digging, labour, and transport being £30,000. In addition, £22,600 was paid for timber, while tools absorbed another £2,000

HIGH FLYING IN THE R.A.F.: None of the pilots of these Gladiator fighters, seen rolling in formation at an altitude of 10,000 ft., has had more than two years experience in the service, their skill and daring bearing eloquent testimony to the efficiency of the air force's new personnel. The machines are of the biplane type which continues to be in favour

FLIGHT

Military and Civil

On left—A NEW GIANT OF THE SKIES: The Imperial Airways liner Ensign, first of a fleet of fourteen, seen above Croydon last week as it carried its first passengers on a tea-party flight. The Ensign has been equipped for the run between England and Calcutta, and after a short period of service on the Paris route will help to carry mails to the East. "Our landing," wrote a *Times* correspondent after going on the initial flight, "was so easy and steady as to have earned fresh praise for Captain O. P. Jones, who was at the controls, but for the suspicion that the Ensign almost refuses to be landed badly. So it was with the rest of the big liner's performance. With the four Armstrong-Siddeley Tiger engines yielding 880 h.p. each, we took off in 20 secs. and climbed comfortably over the roofs and then the trees with their long shadows to the west of Croydon. Then for half an hour, while tea was served, we cruised over London—first to Richmond and the Thames. Our flying parlour seemed as comfortable and almost as quiet as if it were a ship's saloon"

DAY CLOTHES ARE CASUAL

But Details, In Vivid Contrast, are Rich and Intricate

Simplicity Accented by Satin Leaves

THIS is a year for afternoon dresses, for they are being made in great variety, and they are endlessly useful for wearing under fur coats. Most of them show a marked simplicity of line, with a mass of ornamentation in the form of appliqués on net or in a contrasting fabric.

The girl above wears a beautifully simple black frock in dull satin, the reverse side of the silk being used for the leaves which are appliquéd on the bodice, sleeves, and hem. It buttons down the front, is neatly belted, and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, London, W.

Suits are either very slender waisted, with jackets pulled snugly down over the hips, or they have straight little coats which hang loosely, like the one in the picture above on the right.

Here the coat of fine woollen fabric is richly furred with silver fox, fluted as are all long-furred collars this autumn. The length is new and flattering, and the almost straight skirt has a pleat at one side.

It is astonishingly inexpensive, for it costs only 19½ guineas at Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street, W.

Coats show three very distinct silhouettes. They are either very square and boxy-looking, hanging straight from the shoulders ; or they have tiny waists and flared skirts ; or they are slenderly cut on Princesse lines with curved hips and long, straight lines.

The coat on the right is a Lelong model, which is included in the new collection at Marshall and Snelgrove's. In heavy black bouclé, the collar and the two panels, stitched to give a flat line which breaks into movement at the hem, are trimmed with Persian lamb, and there is a delightful touch of phantasie in the fastenings composed of gold leaves and bunches of red berries. The rolled, patent belt is fronted with gold links.

THE EXPERT TOUCH: This delightful picture was taken at Southend General Hospital, where the Duchess of Kent paid a visit last week and, chancing to see six-weeks-old Sheila Murray, held the child in her arms. Budding politicians, who do this sort of thing in their constituencies, should take note how expertly the Duchess supports the baby's neck and back

The DISTAFF SIDE

On left—
THE HERRING SEASON OPENS ON THE EAST COAST: A Scottish packer at Yarmouth, where there has been intense activity during the past ten days as the drifters have delivered tons of gleaming fish to the quays

On right—
"Where have you come from, my pretty maid?"
"I'm up from Northumberland, sir," she said,
"To bring to the Dairy Show Brooks Jenny IV,
"She's won a first prize and she'll win many more"

WELCOME, STRANGER! Mr. and Mrs. Frere-Reeves with their two children, Elizabeth and the newcomer, Richard, who has the distinction of being the first grandson of the late Edgar Wallace. Mr. J. B. Priestley, Mr. Brian Wallace, and Miss Dorothy Dickson are to be Richard's godparents. Mr. Frere-Reeves is Managing Director of Heinemann's

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

COLLIE KNOX CALLING

A Radio Journalist Tells How He Broke Into Fleet Street

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

MR. COLLIE KNOX is a young man who has made for himself a remarkable reputation in Fleet Street during the past few years. He appears to have drifted into journalism almost by accident, but, once there, he took to it like a duck to water. When he was very young he was lucky enough to be A.D.C. to Major-General E. D. Ashmore, then commanding the London Aircraft Defence area. Afterwards he went to India on the staff of Lord Lloyd when Governor of Bombay, later going to Africa and Cairo.

Back in England, he conceived a feeling that he wanted to make a way in the world on his own, "to live no more on princes' favours." So he tried the B.B.C., but that was no place for a stammerer. He tried free-lance journalism, with moderate success. He tried Mr. Beverley Baxter, then editor of the *Daily Express*, and Baxter gave him a job. He became a sub-editor—"a race apart. They are men who see all and say everything. They have the fate of reputations in their hands." He met Hannen Swaffer and H. V. Morton, and, spurred by their examples, achieved his ambition by becoming a reporter. He saw his stories splash across three columns of the paper. He became a feature writer, and was happier still.

Then a whisper went round the office that Baxter was leaving Fleet Street—the Baxter who had promised to make him "a second H. V. Morton." So he went over to the *Daily Mail*, and interviewed the editor, who took a chance and gave him a page of radio criticism to do. Very soon Hannen Swaffer was to write "Collie Knox—the dog—has in a few short months made for himself a reputation on the *Daily Mail*, a reputation the *Daily Express* did not want."

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.) is Collie Knox's own story. The title is not a just one. It could not have been you or me or anybody but this volatile young man who, with the wrong sort of upbringing and early training, broke into Fleet Street and, with his pen, daily commands the attention of millions.

The author of **VOICE OF EUROPE** (Gollancz. 15s.) is described on the jacket as "the world's first radio newsman." Mr. César Saerchinger came to England with the cloud of newspaper men who followed the American delegation to the Five-Power Naval Conference. The proceedings at that conference were reported to the United States in a new manner. For the first time newspaper correspondents reported its happenings by way of a nation-wide "hook-up," direct to the radio audiences of the United States and Canada. They telephoned their observations from a small telephone booth within a mile of St. James's Palace and their voices were instantaneously re-transmitted to sixty or more broadcasting stations.

It so happened that the B.B.C. had arranged to broadcast King George's speech on opening the conference from the Royal Gallery of the House of Lord's. This was the first time that King George V had spoken over the radio, and certainly the first time any ceremony of this sort had been broadcast. It was relayed to America, and was an instantaneous success. This gave Mr. Saerchinger an idea. "Would you be interested," he cabled, "in a fortnightly series of talks by eminent specialists? Have plan to submit." Of course they were interested. Within the first four months America heard thirty or more leading statesmen, writers, and preachers speaking from London. Then came the Prince of Wales—launching the *Empress of Britain*. The B.B.C. had vetoed the broadcast of that speech to America, but by a fortuitous accident it went through. Thereafter Mr. Saerchinger never looked back.

His most satisfactory, though most difficult, assignment was George Bernard Shaw. "Get Shaw on anything," he was told; but Shaw was not to be got on anything. G.B.S., if he spoke to America, was going to speak exactly as he wanted, or not at all. Eventually he persuaded the great man. "Superficially, it was just one joke after another, but once again on closer examination, the jokes were all true."

One of his most difficult, but at the same time successful, broadcasts was from the garden of Wordsworth's cottage in Grasmere, on the poet's birthday on April 7. "When the flowers in his hillside garden were bursting into glory, while the birds that sing in his poems intoned the first polyphony of song."

Something of the quality of this book may be gathered from the following short extract from the author's chapter "In Search of England":—

"What is it about England that makes people either love it or hate it? There are no halfway opinions about it, no compromise about the Land of Compromise. You are either crazy about it or crazy to get away. Nor are these sentiments confined to any one aspect—the people, the scenery, the life or the climate. You like all these things, with the exception of the climate (which you must be born to), or you like none. As for the climate, I have heard people curse it year in and year out for years, and never leave it except for a short spell when it is at its best; others revel in it at its worst; and still others revel in the fact that they can stand it, no matter how bad.

"I have known tourists to land for the first time, intending to 'do' England, and then getting away to Paris on the first train or plane. I have seen others come here *en passant* and stay a lifetime. I myself came to England on a visit during one of those rare early springs when the almond blooms peeped over the hedges in March, with the air so mild and the countryside so enticing that I determined to come back for good. I have never experienced another such spring (which turned out to be nothing short of a hoax), but I stayed on in England none the less."

From which it will be seen that Mr. Saerchinger can be as critical as he is persuasive, and as persuasive as he is wise. I enjoyed this book more than most.

Madame Marie Louise Ritz sub-titles this biography of her husband, **CÉSAR RITZ** (Harrap. 12s. 6d.), "Host to the World," as indeed he was. Pioneer of the luxury hotel all over the world, he set a standard which has been flattered by imitation, and never superseded: and he added at least one word to a language. In America the word "ritzy" signifies the quintessence of luxury without ostentation.

César Ritz was born in the small Swiss village of Niederwald, close by the Rhône glacier. Of a poor peasant family, he grew up tending the cows of his Swiss meadows; but at a tender age he migrated to the Hôtel des Trois Courants at Brigue, where he became a boy of all work. He was quick to learn, and very soon he was in Paris, working for the famous Bellenger at Voisin's. Bellenger was a martinet, and from him Ritz learned many valuable early lessons. Bellenger would parade his staff every morning, admonish them, drill them, perfect them. One day he summoned the waiters. He had found that a number of doors in the private rooms had been damaged by having small holes drilled in them. Bellenger addressed one of the waiters. "Why are you so anxious to see what goes on in those rooms when your back is turned?" he asked. "Because, sir," the boy hesitated, "I for one really had a desire to see how princes make love." The next day *most* of the tiny holes bored in the doors had been filled in with wax.

Ritz was with Voisin all through the Siege of Paris, serving shark's fins *Prince de Galles*, alligator tail soup, saddle of bear *à la Russe* and other dishes, which really disguised stray cats, dogs, rats and even roast donkey.

Ritz first came to London as an important personage at the opening of the Savoy Hotel, which, through his genius, became immediately the most exclusive and most popular place as a rendezvous for the *haute monde*. King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, became his friend; and the brilliant *entourage* of the Edwardian era followed him. He built the Ritz in Paris, the Carlton and Ritz Hotels in London, the Ritz Carlton in New York; and his name became a household word. It was he who invented the famous motto of the hôtelier that the customer is always right. It was he who made restaurant dining a habit, who broke down the gloom of the English Sunday, and who turned restaurant feeders into *gourmets*, with the brilliant assistance of the famous Escoffier.

Madame Ritz's biography is a page of bygone history, recording days that can never return; but, as she reminds us, the Ritz in Paris, over which she still presides, retains its supremacy in elegance.

FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY: D. J. Hall whose third novel, *This Other Eden*, which has just been published by Harrap, tells of the little-known peasants' rising against the landowners in Berkshire in 1830. The author lives right at the foot of the Berkshire Downs, near Newbury

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In addition to the books reviewed above by Vernon Fane, the Editor draws the attention of readers to the following new publications which pressure on space prevents from being treated more fully.

The Silk Road, by Sven Hedin *(Routledge. 18s.)*: Here the well-known traveller and travel writer tells the dramatic story of his visit to the remote and backward province of Sinkiang where he was sent in 1933 by the Nanking government in order to report on road communications. On arrival the author and his companions found themselves caught up in a civil war and were imprisoned by both sides in turn.

Black and Beautiful, by Marius Fortie *(Robert Hale. 15s.)*: This is the autobiography of an exceptional life lived on the African continent, the author telling how he travelled through the land on safari, established trading posts in the region of the Great Lakes, and managed single-handed a large and growing business. He describes with disarming candour how he went wholeheartedly native.

Whippingham to Westminster, by Lord Ernle *(John Murray. 18s.)*: The reminiscences of a many sided personality. For six years he edited the *Quarterly Review* and for twenty years he managed the great estates of the Duke of Bedford.

Double Crossing America, by Roland Wild *(Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.)*: The record of a prolonged tour through the United States in the course of which the author covered 13,000 miles and visited twenty-four of the forty-eight states.

No Ease in Zion, by T. R. Feiwel *(Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.)*: The author has lived and worked in Palestine for many years, a fact that lends weight to his conclusions regarding the present racial conflict. He traces the causes of unrest and shows what part Britain has played as mandatory power.

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THE SHOW IN RETROSPECT

The Tendencies of This Year's Exhibition Summed Up

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

BY the time these notes appear in print the Motor Exhibition at Earls Court will be drawing to a close. There is no doubt that the expected happened, for great crowds congregated around the many small economy cars. It would be well worth while for the Show authorities to consider for next year the possibility of duplicating those stands on which the more popular cars are displayed, because the crowds around the better-known 8-h.p. cars prevented many people seeing them who were genuinely interested.

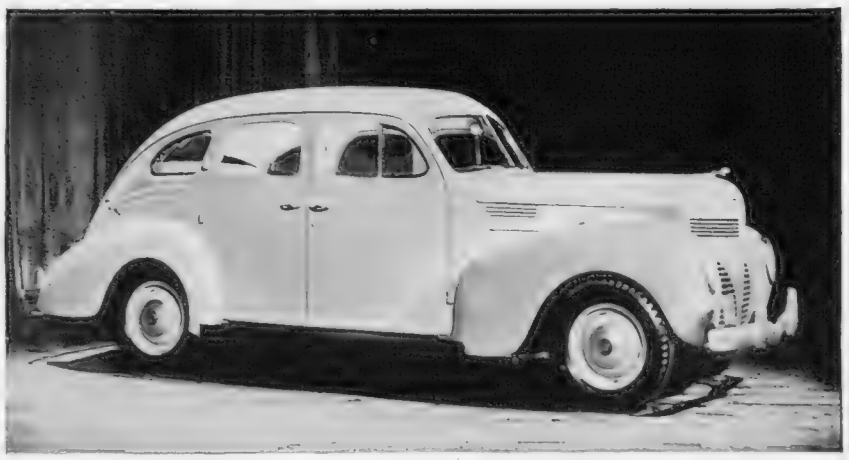
It is really amazing that so many makers have been able to re-design their cars, frequently without it being noticeable from the outside, so that they consume practically 25 per cent. less petrol than the 1938 cars of similar size and performance. If anything, the accommodation provided has been more generous and the equipment more complete, yet in many instances the selling price has been reduced. So far as the Show has gone it has been a success, and from what I could hear it would appear that the motoring public have realised that it may be a long time again before prices are at the same low level as they are to-day. With the nation's great rearmament programme being speeded up every day the chances are that before long prices will tend to increase. I would, therefore, seriously advise everyone who can to take advantage of the present favourable price situation.

In addition to making their cars more economical, makers have succeeded in increasing the power given from an engine of the same size as they provided last year. I also notice a tendency amongst the exhibits of showing cars with larger engines; in fact, the average horse-power of all the cars in the Exhibition is approximately 22, a distinct rise on the average horse-power of a few years ago. Great attention has been paid to giving increased width to the seats so that the occupants are provided with greater elbow room, and anything that allows the driver to have greater comfort obviously means safer motoring.

Two other important points received particular attention. They were the problem of ventilation and the insulation of the interior of the car from noise and fumes. I hope a good number of visitors to the Show noticed the growing tendency to depart from the old practice of building a chassis and then fitting a body to it, the modern idea being to make the car, as it were, part of the frame. This method of construction reduces the total weight of the car and at the same time gives the owner a much more rigid vehicle.

Right up in the luxury class the new 25–30-h.p. Wraith Rolls-Royce attracted much attention. The introduction of independent front-wheel suspension on this car is a step in the right direction, and as the system has proved eminently satisfactory on the Phantom III Rolls-Royce, it should satisfy owners of this smaller model. I was also glad to note that the gear and brake levers on this chassis have been repositioned and now do not in any way interfere with the passenger getting into and out of his seat.

Another newcomer which has been the centre of interest is the altered 4¼-litre Bentley. Of course, the chief improvement on this chassis cannot be seen at the Show. I refer to the new over-drive. Unlike the over-drive fitted to many transatlantic cars, that on the Bentley takes a form of what amounts to another gear. In other words, by getting into top an indirect ratio is engaged. I have not yet tested one of these models, but I should think that the maximum speed of this new Bentley is well over 100 m.p.h. The smaller wheels and larger tyres have certainly improved the appearance, and as these desirable features have been added without making the steering heavier the designers deserve congratulation. Actually, I am told that the steering is lighter and more pleasant to operate than before.



HARMONIOUS STREAMLINING characterises this Dodge de luxe Six saloon. While it is in every way a smart town car, its silent 25-h.p. engine makes long-distance touring particularly effortless

Right down the other end of the scale the new 8-h.p. Morris was a centre of attraction. Lord Nuffield is one of the few manufacturers who does not believe in producing a new model every twelve months. His practice is to produce a new model only when the advance in design is so marked as to justify such a course. The Morris Eight has remained substantially unchanged since it was introduced four years ago, and nearly a quarter of a million of these cars have been sold. The new Eight is known as the Series "E" model. This car is fitted with a more flexible power unit, has a four-speed synchromesh gear-box and an amazing amount of room for passengers and luggage. It is an example of a truly economical motor car, and yet has what is almost a big car performance.

A car which I did not mention in my notes last week but which rather impressed me was the new Dodge. Apparently this season is the silver anniversary of Dodge cars and so a very special effort is made to stage an interesting exhibit. Of the many mechanical innovations and improvements that the new Dodge range incorporates I would like to mention the independent front-wheel suspension, which is of the pantograph type incorporating a special linkage system which allows the wheels to absorb shock independently with the changes of road surface while still keeping their true fore and aft steering alignment.

Again the design incorporates dual-power transmission, which is a development of the over-drive, giving two more forward gear speeds, making five in all, without any extra gear changing. The dual power works automatically by operating the accelerator pedal. The third interesting point is the new steering column gear control. This is all mechanical, with the lever placed to the right of the steering wheel. On this car is to be seen the safety signal speedometer which shows different coloured lights when the car reaches certain speeds. Up to 30 m.p.h. it is green, from 30 to 50 m.p.h. amber, and over 50 m.p.h. the light is red.

Of all the new models at Earls Court I have only tried one on the road. The car is the new Super Snipe Humber. When this car was introduced about a month ago its performance was demonstrated at the Crystal Palace in front of a large crowd of which I was a humble

(Continued on page 162)

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THE NEW ROVER FOURTEEN: For a number of years the Rover range has included a 6-cylinder model of 14 h.p. This year there is an entirely new Fourteen, designed on the lines of the larger 6-cylinder models and at the Exhibition it proved a great attraction

THE MOTOR SHOW IN RETROSPECT

(*Continued from page* 160)

member. Although I was impressed at the time I naturally felt that until I drove the car myself I would not be in a position to state definitely to my readers what kind of performance it possessed. Now that I have actually driven it I can confirm all the claims which its makers put forward. Here, without a doubt, I found truth in advertising.

When introduced it was immediately called the "gearless" car. This does not imply that only one gear is fitted, because in actual fact it is sold with the usual four forward speeds and a reverse. I have found it is quite true that the car will start away and travel at almost a walking pace in top gear and yet will accelerate in a most satisfying manner up to speeds in excess of 80 m.p.h. Of course, if the gears are used the acceleration is terrific. Notwithstanding this pronounced power, the car moves along with the utmost sweetness and silence. Its acceleration is silky, and if the driver does not wish to get from one point to another as quick as possible the car seems just as happy meandering along. It is a nice size, delightfully easy to handle and almost perfect to control, under normal conditions at any rate.

I can truthfully say that it is one of the nicest and most fascinating British cars that I have ever handled and I feel certain that if any British motorist is thinking of buying a car made on the other side of the Atlantic he would be well advised to stay his hand and try one of these new Super Snipes and then make his decision. I can foresee that this car is going to sell remarkably well overseas. After all, the Rootes brothers who have so much to do with the Humber concern know as much about overseas conditions as any other British manufacturer and I feel that it is on account of this first-hand knowledge that they have had this new Super Snipe designed. It is a roomy car, well-appointed and nice to look at. The price at which it is sold makes me rub my eyes and wonder if it can be put on the market at its present price and yet show a profit to the makers, particularly in view of the rising cost of raw materials.

To-day, Saturday, October 22, will see the famous German Mercedes and Auto-Union racing cars competing at Donington Park, near Derby. It will be remembered that the Donington Grand Prix in which they are running should have been held on October 1, and although the cars were over here practising prior to the event the international situation became so tense that the cars and their drivers returned to Germany just before the race.

In these circumstances the Donington authorities postponed the fixture, although the half-dozen British cars which had entered would have come to the starting line. Although these British entrants are reported not to have been too pleased at being deprived of the opportunity of running on that Saturday I am convinced that postponing the race was the correct and wisest thing to do. Everyone who is even remotely interested in motor cars should make an endeavour to visit Donington Park on this occasion. Motor racing with such cars competing is well worth watching, even for the least experienced layman.

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SOUTH AFRICA

"LE PRIX DU BIFTEK" (Continued from page 136)

about it? It seems as if Paris is doing nothing about it, says Jacques Bonhomme to Madame.

The French are very logical people; they love to argue about everything and anything, but when they have brought their argument to a logical conclusion, they expect the conclusion to stay still. In the good old days it seemed that it did, but nowadays, no sooner have you reached a conclusion than the conclusion, instead of being jumped to, jumps away from you. There is nothing else but to start another argument and these arguments are so very confusing to the little men of France and their wives.

Madame has her own troubles. The *bonne* has just asked for a rise. Madame has just come back from the market where she found that everything had risen. Everything seems to be going up except her husband's salary, and goodness knows that has been stationary for a long time. When her husband comes home this evening, Madame will discuss this matter with him.

Jacques and his wife sit down to their evening meal. Jacques is slightly moody, shall we say. Madame waits until he has drunk a glass of red wine, then she puts the question to him: "What is it all about, all these stories in the newspaper? What is really the matter? Are the English our friends or are they not?"

Jacques sighs. He has been anticipating the question, and the worst of it is, he really does not know the answer. He begins, and this goes on all over France these days, a long talk about Mr. Chamberlain, and Hitler and Mussolini, but it all gets nowhere at all. The little man of France, like the Government of France, seems to be in a maze. In the Metro in the morning there is no conversation; this is not strange, because there never is. Every passenger either stares straight in front of him, or reads the headlines, and the Jacques Bonhommes of France are beginning to know the headlines by heart.

Madame drops in to see a friend and she asks an opinion. The lady repeats what her husband told her the night previously and what he said sounds very much like an echo of what her own husband has said. It is logical, but it gets nowhere at all. That is the crux of thought in France to-day. Nothing gets you anywhere except to the one vital factor and that is: is the price of the *biftek* going up?

KAI TAK AND THE CHINA WAR

(Continued from page 144)

husband, searching for a home for wife and family shortly arriving in the colony, has been forced to pay an exorbitant price for an outgoing tenant's furniture in order to secure the lease of the flat. Now some of the landlords have stepped in and names are taken strictly in rota which again makes it hard for those whose friends would like to "pass on a good thing."

But not all landlords can step in, nor do all wish to, who are themselves owners of furnished houses. One flagrant case of the existing difficulties is shown by three naval couples who, in sheer desperation, have had to club together to buy 3,000 dollars worth of furniture in order to live in the house that goes with it. And this in a place where timber is so plentiful and labour so cheap that it is possible to fit out a house with new furniture for under 500 dollars. True, the "lot" in question includes a new radiogram, but the buyers don't want it. All they want is a place to live in.

Hotels and boarding houses are so full that they just are not interested either in present or future bookings.

Still they come—these wives of soldiers and sailors serving in the station. The first outward trooping season is upon us, very few people are going home, and how the problem is to be solved at present no one knows.

CONTINUATIONS

THE CZECHS IN RUSSIA (Continued from page 152)

recognised the Czechoslovaks as an Allied nation and Masaryk's Council as its representative body. It was not long before the U.S.A. and the other Allied countries made a similar recognition.

On October 14 Dr. Benes announced the formation of a national Czech government in Paris which was quickly recognised by the Allies. Now came a curious incident. On October 18 President Wilson rejected Austria-Hungary's peace terms on the grounds that, since the issue of his famous Fourteen Points, the U.S.A. had recognised the government of the Czecho-slovak State, which was still at war with Austria-Hungary. He suggested that the Emperor should negotiate with the new state: no doubt a bitter blow to the Emperor. A week later Austria-Hungary had crumbled, resolved once more into her separate races.

All that remained now was for the Czechoslovak nation to settle on its own territory; but for this the consent of the independent Slovaks was also necessary. This, however, was given on October 30, when the Slovak National Council pronounced for unity. On December 21, 1918, President Masaryk called his first national assembly in Prague.

Thus the Czechoslovak State was founded before the Peace Conference began to sit at Versailles.

Soon after the Armistice the Czech army concentrated at Vladivostok, and at the same time negotiations were opened by Dr. Masaryk's Council for their repatriation. Return via the Trans-Siberian Railway was quite out of the question, owing to the disorganisation in Russia and the hostilities between Koltchak and the Bolsheviks.

After protracted negotiations, in which Dr. Benes played a leading part, the Allies agreed to provide shipping facilities. All the Czech army was evacuated thus. The first transport left Vladivostok on December 19, 1919, the general staff leaving in the following June, and the work of transportation lasted about a year. The forces were disembarked at Trieste.

An interesting point transpired some time later when it was revealed that the cost of repatriation worked out at about £1 per head.

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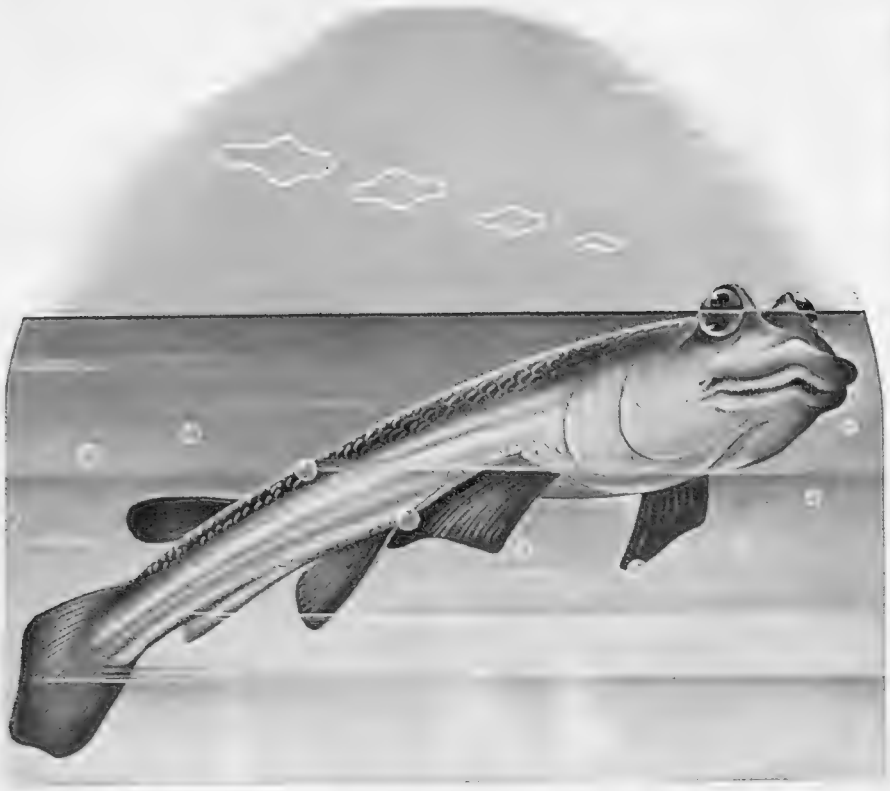

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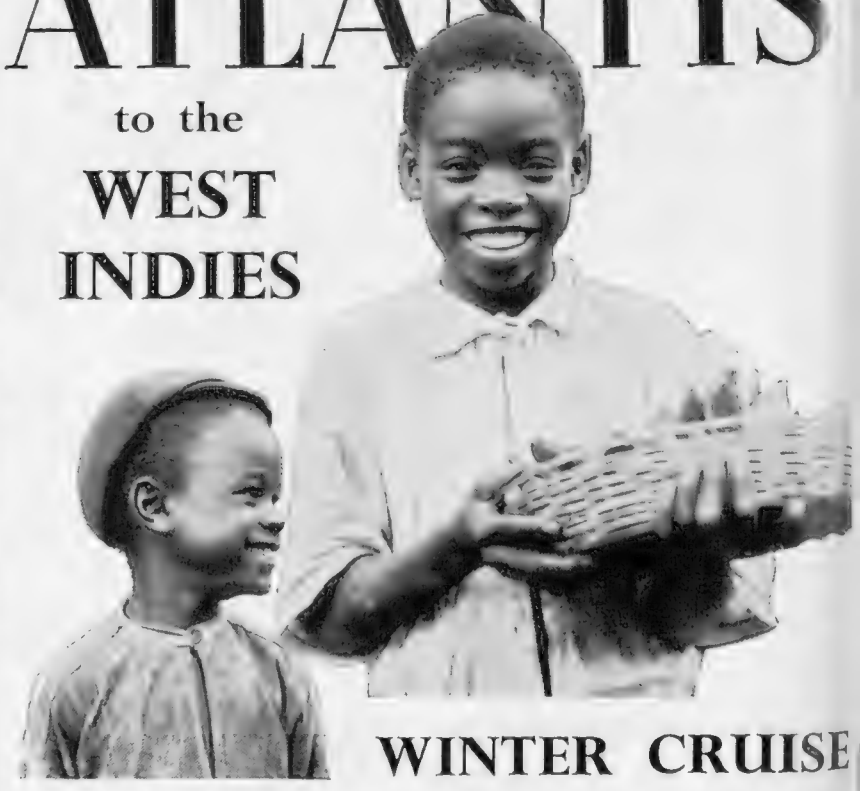

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ISLANDS *of the* SMILING THIRTIES

The Madeiras and the Azores, Set in Alluring Latitudes of All-the-year-round Sunshine

Everyone has heard of the roaring forties, the terror of sailing men through the centuries; so, in presenting the reverse side of the picture, it is no misnomer to call the Madeiras and the Azores the "islands of the smiling thirties," for there are no latitudes in the whole world more alluring than these and it is little wonder that the islands continue in summer and winter to bring holidaymakers to their shores. A little to the south lie the hardly less favoured Canaries, which are also discussed in the accompanying article by "The Sphere's" travel correspondent.

THE groups of islands lying off the north-west coast of Africa have long enjoyed the affections of travellers. It will be readily agreed that Madeira is the most famous among them, having won that position by its natural beauty and a climate which varies remarkably little during the year.

The link between this country and the island goes back to a romantic tradition that it was discovered by an Englishman, Robert Machin, who had eloped with a girl from Bristol. That happened nearly 600 years ago. Then came Gonsalves Zarco with the authority of Prince Henry the navigator, and his party were the first colonists of the island. Zarco's first landing was at Porto Santo, an island about 25 miles from Madeira and differing from it so much that it may well have belonged to the African coast. There is, for instance, an abundance of yellow sand, of which Madeira has but little, and the climate is dry, indeed almost bracing.

The daughter of the first Governor of Porto Santo became the wife of Christopher Columbus and his home still stands near the little church in the village of Porto Santo. Columbus must have known Madeira well, and romantic minds may picture him looking out towards the setting sun with a growing longing to seek new horizons.

A small steamer maintains communication between the islands, the only two in the Madeira group, by the way, which are inhabited, and it is well worth running over to have a look at the lesser one. Occasionally bigger steamers get as near as the sandy beach permits. The vines trained along the ground, with the fruit ripening in the hot sand, and many picturesque windmills are features of the island.

History has presented Madeira with the oft-quoted testimonial of the dying Englishman who went there to lengthen his few remaining days. Sixty years later, at the ripe age of eighty-two and rich from his activities in the wine industry, he passed on. The island is fortunate in being right in the track of liners to and from the Cape so that fast and regular services are available, but every year its beauty is impressed on thousands of people on cruises from this country. It is under 1,500 miles from London and therefore near enough to be the centre of attraction of cruises occupying a fortnight or even less.

As the steamer approaches she is greeted by islanders who come out in their small craft to hawk native handwork of lace or wicker, while soon the diving boys are clamouring for silver coins to be thrown into the clear water from which they quickly retrieve them. It is a lively scene, providing a striking contrast perhaps with the memory of the departure from these shores on a chill and misty winter day.

Other impressions come crowding into the vision; the flowers and vegetation of the island, the colourful rocks, and as soon as you step ashore at Funchal the polished pebbles of the road over which the bullock-carros and other wheelless vehicles slide with ease and comfort. The town gets its name from *funcho*, meaning fennel, which grows there in abundance. It has an imposing fifteenth-century cathedral and an unusual point is the ceiling of juniper wood. In the west end of the chapel of a disused convent is the tomb of Zarco, the discoverer.

There is a lot more to be seen in the island than picturesque Funchal, and the means of getting to the places vary from hammocks carried by bearers to motor cars driven with thrilling dexterity round hair-pin bends, to the funicular railway up a 3,000-ft. mountain, with an alternative mode of descent by toboggan in a wickerwork basket—a more comfortable journey than it sounds. From Terreiro da Lucta, the mountain terminus, you get a fine panorama of the town and bay of Funchal. Then you may go on over the Poiso Pass, some 4,600 ft. up, to Ribeiro Frio in the heart of the island. The stream, the valley and the surrounding peaks build up unforgettable scenes. The quaint fishing village of Camara de Lobos with one of the highest sea cliffs in the world, Cabo Girão (1,960 ft.), close at hand, Sao Vicente, a village in the wildest and most mountainous part of the island, are among the other places to visit.

From many parts of the island you get glimpses of the other islands of the group, the Desertas, now uninhabited owing to the lack of fresh water, but on the biggest of them, Deserta Grande, which is about 6 miles long, are the remains of cottages. To the south of Madeira's group lie the Canary Islands, seven of them, and a few uninhabited islets — Tenerife and Grand Canary are the outstanding ones. Tenerife is the largest, and its broken and uneven surface rises by a series of steps from the sea to Las Cañadas, an immense crater, which to-day forms a large circular plain from the centre of which rises the gigantic cone of Mount Teide, the summit of which is covered with snow nearly the whole year round.

There is scenery of great beauty in the island, but one of the most remarkable things about it is that the flora of practically every country in the world is to be found there, from Alpine curiosities to the delicate plant of the tropics. Santa Cruz de Tenerife, the capital, is a very pleasant town with some architectural interest, and you should also see Laguna, a few miles away, and Orotava, rather farther off in a delightful valley. Las Palmas in the Grand Canary is modern and cosmopolitan and has a wonderful harbour. Both places figure in the itineraries of many of the cruising liners.

In an article under this heading should be included a reference to the Azores, or Hawk Islands. They lie off the more frequented routes, but in these days they have come into more prominence because of their strategic importance for Atlantic flights, and the cruising liners have had something to do with making them better known. I think it will surprise many to know that there are now a quarter of a million people living in the nine islands, the most important of which is St. Michael's where the beautiful crater lake of Sete Cidades is one of the most notable sights.

Beverley Brooke

Egyptian Enterprise.—Of all the travel publications passing through my hands one of the most arresting is the pictorial quarterly *Egypt* issued by the Tourist Development Association of Egypt in collaboration with the Egyptian State Tourist Department. Looking through the current issue one is more than ever struck by the ingenious blending of ancient and modern.

It presents the gaiety of the social life of to-day and the country's appeal to the sportsman, while revealing unusual aspects of places steeped in history.

The cover design—one of a striking series—was inspired by a wall-painting in the tomb of Sen Nezem, a Theban official at Deir-el-Medinet, Luxor. The tomb is in a wonderful state of preservation.

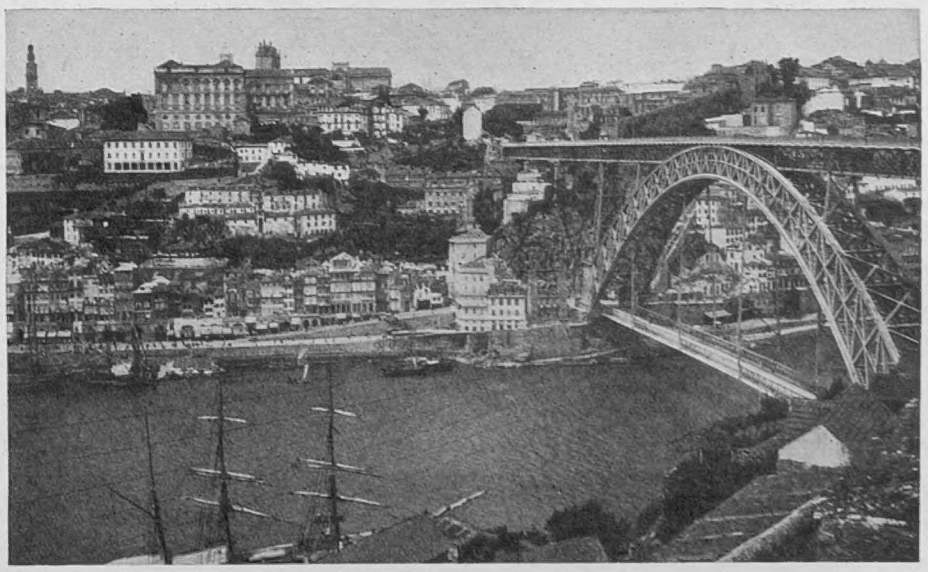
One of the newer phases of travel is "Egypt's other coast," on the Red Sea, where Kosseir is accessible to the motorist. He will find strange colourings on the journey and the beach will yield some of its treasures in coral and shell. Winter when the weather is exhilarating is the time to go there; it is too hot in summer.

B. B.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted



THE CITY ON THE DOURO: A picturesque scene in Oporto, northern Portugal, where several liners call on their way south to the Atlantic isles—the subject of the accompanying article. Here the river flows through a gorge between granite cliffs on which the houses rise in a series of terraces. On the right is a high- and low-level cantilever bridge

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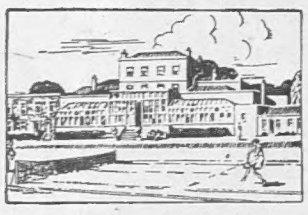

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In Quest of

Although It is Still October, ning to Plan Ahead for

CHRISTMAS! The third week in October seems early to start thinking about it, but I assure you that it is very necessary if your Christmas plans are to be carried through without hitch or hindrance. Many good hotels are already full and those that are not are filling up fast. Christmas programmes arrive at my office by every post and already my mantelpiece is getting quite a festive air.

The Christmas holiday has obviously come to stay. Until recently it was considered unusual, to say the least of it, to go away at Christmas. Christmas was a family party in the home. It is still more often than not a family party, but more and more people are realising all the advantages of combining with a Christmas party a beneficial winter holiday. Besides, and this is a word addressed especially to the mothers of families, think of the relief of having all the organisation and responsibility of Christmas arrangements fobbed off on to somebody else. To spend Christmas away is one of the shrewdest pieces of holiday planning that the year offers, and the majority of good British hotels now offer such excellent programmes at Christmas that the home Christmas will become less and less the fashion.

This week, then, I will mention briefly a few places where accommodation is, to the best of my knowledge, still available for Christmas, but please remember that bookings are arriving so fast that I cannot be held responsible if any particular place is full up by the time you write.

Where does the mind automatically go in thinking of winter resorts? Torquay, perhaps, before anywhere else, and so with Torquay we will start, and at Torquay we must mention first the Grand. A grand hotel in every way and one which, judging by its Christmas programme now in front of me, is going to be a centre of gaiety. The thing which always appeals to me most about the Grand is its comprehensiveness, for not only is there more to do in it than almost any hotel I know, but its terms are comprehensive. They include squash, golf, nightly dancing to Harry Evans and his band, and all that is fullest and best about life in a first-class hotel.

If your desires are for something smaller I have a little batch of places that I can recommend with great confidence. Lincombe Hall, for instance, the garden hotel of Torquay, an unusual hotel to find in a seaside resort and one which I suppose you would not find in any place except Torquay. Its semi-tropical garden is perfectly sheltered and it is one of the warmest winter residences I know. Here, too, an excellent time will be had at Christmas and I am certain that the personal attention which the directors always give this hotel will manifest itself in their Christmas arrangements.

Park Hall Hotel is another Torquay favourite in which I am always so

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

the Wise Are Already Begin= the Christmas Holiday

comfortable that I am tempted to lie in bed all the morning watching the activity on Torquay's famous bay through my bedroom window. But here again there will be every incentive at Christmas to be up and doing.

It is often difficult to think of places that can be confidently recommended which are really inexpensive even to the person of very slender means. At Torquay I do know one and I can recommend it as giving, perhaps, the best value for money of any seaside hotel. The Seascape, which stands high up in a splendid situation, and has winter terms from as low as 2 guineas a week. But please remember that, naturally, not all its rooms are 2 guineas a week and if you have to pay a little more at Christmas you will still get the best value for your money that good management can provide.

Before we leave Torquay there is one other place I must mention which occupies a rather special position among Torquay's hotels—the Headland. It is one of the quietest and most truly comfortable private hotels I have ever encountered. It is so perfectly situated on a tongue of land—as its name suggests—that there is a real sea view from every bedroom. Here is perfect peace and peaceful perfection, but as it is run in conjunction with the Grand, and many of the Grand's facilities are interchangeable, you can always find bright lights and gay music as and when you require them.

There are many places in the West Country other than Torquay which are especially suitable for Christmas, but I shall deal with them in a later article. For the moment I want to write about Bournemouth.

I am never tired of recommending to people the Canford Cliffs Hotel at the west end of Bournemouth. An exclusive but truly comfortable and friendly hotel of a character which is, in its own way, unique. Christmas at Canford Cliffs is a luxury which everybody who values comfort and good taste should promise himself some time. Why not this year? Accommodation is strictly limited in spite of the new wing which has been added, but if you are unlucky at Christmas I can tell you from personal experience that Canford Cliffs is the perfect winter holiday hotel at any time. Golfers will take special notice that Parkstone Golf Links are but ten minutes walk from the hotel, and people who appreciate quiet luxury and really good food and wine in the most delightful setting will do well to remember that they understand these things at Canford Cliffs.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor.—"Dalbeattie." Tel. 1492.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel. Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford (Hants.).—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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